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Week ending June 28 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

How I plan to win the world title
by STIRLING MOSS

Personal Portrait: KHRUSCHEV
The tough at the top

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS and the Atom Spy

THE TROTHING RING by Rod McManigal

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Good meals—easily prepared—are what you want for home or picnic these summer days. Here are eight

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2. Crunchy, crackling potato crisps make super summer snacks.
3. Easy to serve, dressed crab ensures a successful summer meal.
4. Cheese portions are nourishing, fresh and bound to please.

1

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7. For a perfect summer sweet—real fruit jelly—it's a treat.
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5

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MAKE FRESH TEA ON THE SPOT—THIS NEW WAY

Good tea from a vacuum flask? Yes—here's how to make it. Before you set out, fill the flask with boiling water, nothing more. Then put in your picnic basket a packet of Tetley Tea Bags. And five minutes before you're ready for tea, just drop two Tetley Tea Bags into the flask. You'll find tea made this way is excellent—the quality of Tetley tea plus the handy little bag mean really enjoyable picnic tea every time.

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8

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wm/115

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They've been so useful for getting to work and shopping—they've brought us so much pleasure on evening and weekend runs. It's marvellous not to have to depend on buses for getting anywhere—and so much cheaper! Why don't *you* go round to your Royal Enfield dealer? You'll find there's a wonderful range to choose from in lots of gay colours, and at surprisingly low prices.

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Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B, your digestion will suffer; you will become headachy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Brewers' yeast is the richest natural source of the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure Brewers' yeast in concentrated form.

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FREE SPEECH

These Stupid Laws Drive Children On To The Streets

My husband and I were delighted when we saw the town where he'd taken a new job. As country folk we had dreaded town life—till we saw all the parks. *Ideal for the children . . .* so we thought.

We soon found the snags. The youngsters went off for a game of cricket and were told, "No games allowed." They weren't even allowed on the grass. And when my son tried to fly his petrol-driven model aeroplane, that, too, was banned.

What nonsensical regulations will our petty bureaucrats dream up next? Surely parks are to be enjoyed by all, especially children. Do these Victorian-minded kill-joys expect youngsters to promenade sedately through the rose gardens? No wonder children are being driven to play in the dangerous streets.

MRS. K. ROBERTSON, YORKSHIRE.

★ ★ ★

Trees On Wheels

My husband was incredulous when I suggested growing trees and shrubs on wheels, but I'm sure you could—in tubs. It would make re-arranging the garden as easy as moving furniture. You could clear the lawn for playing games; or group trees into a shade around a chair . . . there are endless possibilities. You could even hide your untidy bits of garden.

MRS. P. M. ADAMS, UPTON COURT ROAD, LANGLEY, BUCKS.

Percy Thrower says: "The idea's sound enough, but I'd keep off the lawn—it would soon get churned up. Some strawberry growers use wheeled tubs to turn the fruit towards the sun."

★ ★ ★

Daddy Of The Donkeys

The average age of a donkey is twenty years, says a zoologist in "Free Speech," May 31. But I knew of a donkey that lived to be seventy-three. It spent its whole life on a farm near Fareham, Hampshire, which I visited in 1933. The owner was then sixty-five, the donkey sixty-seven, and the old man remembered riding it as a child. The donkey, I heard later, outlived him.

F. W. MAYNARD, R.S.P.C.A. HOME OF REST FOR HORSES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

★ ★ ★

Rated Low

How can anybody expect justice from the rating appeal courts? Appearing before them in their present form is a waste of time; they seem to be run entirely for the benefit of the rate office.

Among the stupid arguments put up when I appeared was that I was the only person from my neighbourhood to feel strongly enough to appeal. Rubbish! I may have been the only one naïve enough to have expected a fair deal. If the courts were independent, there would be a hundred times more appeals than now.

L. J. CARR, TINSHILL LANE, COOKRIDGE, LEEDS.

"There's a good deal of dissatisfaction with these courts," say the National Union of Ratepayers Associations. "We don't like finance committee chairmen being on the panel. Rating courts aren't under the judiciary—local authorities nominate the members—but there is further appeal to the Lands Tribunal."

★ ★ ★

Summer Soccer

Can't the Football League find a fairer way for non-league clubs to enter the League than the present system of voting?

Every year we see the same "giant-killer" clubs beating League sides in the F.A. Cup yet being barred from the League. There

Continued on next page

'So many people are saying Martini!'

Ah! That's better! Martini, long and cool with soda water and a slice of lemon is just the drink to revive you. A long drink now, a short one later. Then, it's Martini (Sweet or Dry) just by itself: chilled, with a twist of lemon peel, the way they drink it on the Continent.

'Better drink Martini sweet or dry'

MARTINI

FREE SPEECH

continued from previous page

should be a summer "relegation league." Make the clubs that now keep their places by re-election play for them against the little clubs that have done well in that year's Cup.

It would not only improve the League—in which at present some teams are wooden-spoonists year after year—it would add spice to the Cup. For the little clubs that have no hope of winning the Cup would know that a good run could earn them a place in League football.

T. RODGER, DEREHAM ROAD, NEW COSTESSEY, NORFOLK.

"There was a similar idea in the early days—the old 'test match' play-offs between Second and First Divisions," says the Football League. "But the F.A. doesn't allow competitive football in summer. We hope that the new Fourth Division, with four clubs for re-election, will make it easier for non-League clubs. Anyway, the poor financial state of some of our clubs is putting an end to 'votes for the boys,' because soon they won't be able to afford League soccer."

Ever So Humble

It's quite clear why the reader who wanted to be a "somebody" has not been accepted into country life ("Free Speech," June 7).

Village life has not changed, basically, since the Middle Ages. To become part of it you must accept, at the outset, being of less consequence than the local drunkard, respect its leaders, and not try to influence affairs until asked to. This conservatism isn't prejudice; it's a determination to remain rural. Far from being doomed, with the sprawl of the towns country life is becoming more desirable.

S. C. MACDONALD, CROSSFIELD STREET, LONDON, S.E.8.

Business Blackmail

Here it is again—Britain's Annual Scrounging Effort. Organizers of garden fêtes, gymkhanas and other efforts to raise money for worthy causes are badgering their business friends for gifts.

In view of our cordial business relations, they say, would we like to contribute towards the competition prizes? Usually firms help, but it isn't always because they want to—it's because they're afraid of losing the customer. This is a part of the English way of life that I don't like; it's blatant blackmail.

H. L. GILBERT HEATH, HAMILTON ROAD, READING, BERKS.

Lawful City

Several of Sir Hartley Shawcross's Liverpool contemporaries are named in your series about his famous cases.

As a messenger boy in the 1920s I delivered books to such struggling barristers as David Maxwell Fyfe, F. E. Pritchard, Noel Goldie, Justin Lynskey and F. R. Batt.

From these five, and Sir Hartley, Liverpool

provided a Lord Chancellor, an Attorney-General, two judges and two Q.C.s.

Liverpool, famous for comedians, is obviously also a fine nursery for lawyers. Perhaps the Liverpudlian sense of humour has just the right touch for both professions.

L. W. COX, OLD LANE, SHEVINGTON, NEAR WIGAN.

. . . Reading about Buck Ruxton in *The Famous Cases Of Sir Hartley Shawcross* (JOHN BULL, June 7) reminded me of a story I heard about the doctor murderer from a member of the prison staff at Strangeways.

On the Sunday before his execution, Ruxton attended chapel, sitting, as is the custom for men from the condemned cell, with two prison officers and screened from the other prisoners. During the service he noticed that one of the officers had a scar on his neck.

"I see that you have had an operation for a carbuncle," he said. "Who did it for you?"

The officer told him. "Hm," said Ruxton. "He made a butcher's job of it." This, from a man who had carved his wife and maid into small pieces, had a certain macabre humour.

STANLEY JOHNSON, BALCARRES AVENUE, LIVERPOOL, 18.

Price Of Prettiness

It is ridiculous and grossly unfair that a professional girl like myself, a private secretary with quite a good wage, cannot buy a house or flat without a male guarantor.

Many girls spend years learning their jobs so that they can be independent and make the most of their money before getting married. But unless we can save the full price of a flat we have to go pouring out money in rent.

MISS S. Y. H., BIRMINGHAM.

"Long-term loans to pretty private secretaries aren't wise," says a building society. "They're too likely to marry, stop work, have babies—and find they can't keep up the payments. But if the applicant is a confirmed spinster she might be lucky. We use our judgment. If she's over forty, wears thick stockings and spectacles, she may stand more chance of a loan than marriage."

Tag Days

Why not sell something useful on flag days? asks a reader ("Free Speech," May 31). In Canada we have many tag days, too, but instead of the inevitable "flag" bunches of heather, or apple-oranges, are often offered—with more success.

W. GAUNT, BEACON ROAD, HERNE BAY, KENT.

Level Lock-out

I have read recently of several fatal accidents at level crossings, and I believe that at some crossings the person crossing the line has to open and close the gates for himself.

It would be safer if the railways fitted a locking device to the gates—operated by the signal wires—so that when a train was due nobody could get through.

J. H. T., DAVYHULME, MANCHESTER

"We put up warning notices at these quiet unattended crossings," say British Railways. "We think these are adequate."

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

IT seems there'll never be an answer to the problem that furrows Rover's brow: WHY does the master always take his morning walk without me? If Rover could guess that this daily trip leads to the place from whence bones and biscuits ultimately come he'd maybe rest content. Or would he? After all, says Zelinski, someone must have told the man of the house what a dog's life it can be cooped up daily in the domestic castle. . . .

He's ruthless but likeable. In his iron hand there's usually a glass of vodka. The crude peasant with the brilliant brain is the most powerful man in the world

The tough at the top

It is less than three years since Nikita Khruschev went to dine with his friends, the Titos, at their villa on the island of Brioni. He was almost one of the family. After drinking large quantities of plum brandy he jokingly tried to kiss Madame Tito, and when she ducked he serenaded her with an old Ukrainian love song. Both Tito and his wife roared with laughter.

At midnight, his hosts suggested that it was time for bed. Khruschev looked shocked. "Where I come from," he said, "we go on drinking until there are no more bottles." After they had emptied a few more, he turned to his companion, Anastas Mikoyan. "When you sign a new trade and barter treaty with Comrade Tito," he said, "don't forget to add a special clause."

Tito called out: "What's that?"

Khruschev said solemnly: "This treaty becomes null and void if Marshal Tito fails to barter his wife for the wife of Nikita Sergyeyevitch Khruschev, member of the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet."

There was another roar of laughter. It was 3 a.m. before they managed to persuade him to leave. Even then, there was a long argument as to whether he should spend the night on the dining-room sofa.

Today, Khruschev speaks of Tito—whose sole crime is that he refuses to accept Russia's leadership of the communist world—only to insult and abuse him. Most people would have been offended at the sudden change, but Tito takes it philosophically. As an old communist, he knows that the desire to eliminate his opponents is as natural to Khruschev as his joviality at parties.

He knows that as a young Red Army officer, Khruschev shot White Russian prisoners; knows that as Stalin's trusted aide, he shot or deported thousands of party members during the Great Purge. He knows of the suicides of high party officials—both in Russia and abroad—who had fallen out with Khruschev, and of the death of Beria, said to have been shot in the neck by Mikoyan while Khruschev was actually present.

Some Western observers in Moscow have almost come to like Khruschev. He is a roly-poly little man with legs so short and fat that he seems to be running about on tree-stumps. His two gold

teeth, jug ears and warts make him so ugly that he almost invites sympathy. Standing in a circle of ambassadors, chattering brilliantly and laughing uproariously at his own jokes, he displays the comic genius that won him a place as Stalin's court jester.

His vitality is prodigious. One morning, correspondents were waiting at Belgrade airport to cover his ten o'clock departure for Sofia. They knew he had been drinking heavily at a party until 4.30 a.m. and they laid bets that he would be late. Although he had had only four hours' sleep, Khruschev arrived earlier than planned. In blazing sunshine he reviewed a guard of honour, shook hands with a hundred people and climbed into the aircraft with a broad grin and a cheery wave.

To a reporter who complained that he was tired out running round after him, Khruschev said: "Let me tell you something. Life is short. Enjoy it. See all you can, hear all you can and go all you can."

Khruschev has applied the same vigour to his pursuit of power. First he deposed Malenkov. Then he used Marshal Zhukov's sway over the Russian Army to get rid of Molotov and Kaganovitch. He axed Bulganin, who had stood aloof from the struggle, and finally sacked Zhukov when he suspected him of trying to free the army from political control.

Unlike almost every other dictator in history, Khruschev is always ready to laugh at himself. Recently he delighted an audience—which included foreigners—with a story of a man who rushed through the Kremlin shouting: "Khruschev is a fool, Khruschev is a fool." The man was arrested, tried and sentenced to twenty-three years in a prison camp. "Three years were for insulting the party secretary," explained Khruschev, "the other twenty for revealing a state secret."

But such jokes often contain a barely concealed reminder of his own power. When he attended a reception for the visiting Austrian Chancellor, Herr Raab, he suddenly noticed Malenkov sitting disconsolately on a sofa. Throwing his arm round Raab, he led him across and planted a podgy hand on Malenkov's shoulder. "They said I was going to hang my little Georgi," he guffawed. "But that too proved false." Raab smiled dutifully but Austrian diplomats said afterwards that Malenkov turned noticeably green.

Khruschev's geniality is natural but he exploits it cleverly. No politician ever kissed more babies or shook more hands. When he visits a foreign embassy, he makes a point of drinking the native beverage—provided it is alcoholic. At a party given in honour of the North Korean premier, he paraded a group of Russian Army marshals and called them over one by one to drink a glass of North Korean vodka "bottoms up."

Khruschev is adept at the public demonstration. After deposing Malenkov, he ostentatiously accompanied him to the theatre to see an anti-Beria play. He once boldly walked down Moscow's busy Gorky Street with Marshal Tito. When a crowd outside the French Embassy cheered Guy Mollet, with whom he was just leaving, he grabbed Mollet's hand and dragged him over to meet them.

The late Mike Todd described him as "the world's greatest showman"—actor, director and producer all in one. "You should have seen him counting the house when Bulganin made a speech," said Todd. "He wasn't watching Bulganin, but the audience's reaction."

This open-handed approach has enabled Khruschev to identify himself closely with the Russian people. The son of a blacksmith, he still wears a cap off duty and dabbles in the typically peasant hobbies of rabbit-raising, fruit-growing and duck-shooting. (He never mentions the fact that his guns are worth about £3,000.)

Even when he was organizing the purges in the Ukraine, he used to put on evenings of singing and dancing for the survivors, and on one occasion was wildly applauded when he turned up in Cossack costume and joined in the gopak, a national dance.

He is one of the very few Communist leaders who are really at ease with working-men. As first secretary of the Moscow party committee before the war, he regularly visited the subway which was then being built. Donning overalls, he would crawl along the narrow passages to take a turn with a pneumatic drill or to tell one of the doubtful stories that go down less well in diplomatic society.

He became so interested in the subway, and especially in its magnificent lavatories, that he would interrupt conference speakers who were extolling cultural progress in their factories with: "All right, all right, comrades. But what about the lavatories? How many lavatories have you got? What is *their* cultural state?" Underlings secretly called him Comrade Lavatory Lover.

During his frequent tours of the country, he parades his peasant background and often breaks off in the middle of a speech to give detailed advice on the raising of crops and stock. His plugging of maize has become almost a joke. Daily, the Russian wireless broadcasts advice on maize, and a national magazine is devoted to it. It is now referred to as Khruschev's dream.

But it is not only about agriculture—a subject on which he has expert knowledge—that he dispenses advice. He is a sort of Dutch uncle, always ready with a wise saw or a long, homely parable. He has condemned unnecessary form-filling and denounced as wasteful, unattractive and senseless the eight Moscow skyscrapers which were the pride of Stalinist architecture.

But he has found it difficult to adapt himself to the social life of high diplomacy. Though he delights in the ceremony—at one banquet, each guest was served by a separate, liveried flunkey—he can still be seen fumbling awkwardly with a chicken-bone or mumbling uneasily to ambassadors' wives. Even when relaxed, he is liable to ruin the atmosphere with an acutely embarrassing story, a mocking remark about a colleague or a wholly irrelevant attack on a technically friendly power.

During a party at the British Embassy, the ambassador's niece offered him a plate of cherries. Khruschev declined. "These are Italian cherries," he said. "I will wait until *our* cherries are ready in the Ukraine, Crimea and Tashkent." When the niece pressed them on him, he continued to refuse, adding: "These are Italian cherries and Italy is a member of Nato. Can there be any good in Nato?"

Drink accentuates his aggressiveness. After tossing back twenty-eight toasts in vodka at the 1956 Soviet Aviation Day party, he made a speech in which he contrived to insult nearly every diplomatic representative present. He told the chief of the French air staff that France was too poor to be a great power; British Air Minister Nigel Birch that the Royal Air Force had no good planes, and the Norwegian ambassador that small countries did not count.

Bulganin, who had been constantly tugging at his sleeve to restrain him, finally persuaded him to take the party down to a nearby lake. Here, Khruschev ordered Bulganin to take Birch out for a row, and took advantage of his absence to start another harangue on the bank. Bulganin had to cut short his trip to quieten him down.

In his own country, he censors all press reports about himself before they appear, but his indiscretions are often quoted in foreign newspapers. During the last French elections, his remark that they "wouldn't make any difference anyway," appeared in the French press and considerably embarrassed the French Communist Party, which sent an official complaint to Moscow. Khruschev just denied the report.

He also blamed misreporting when Cyril Osborne, M.P., asked him about his statement at the Twentieth Congress of the Russian Communist Party that it was Stalin who caused the breach between East and West. Osborne then asked for an authentic copy of his speech and an authorized English translation, but Khruschev refused on the ground that it was meant for Communist, not capitalist, ears.

Such an attitude probably explains the limitations of his knowledge. During a conversation with Aneurin Bevan he showed an "almost juvenile" ignorance of the workings of the United Nations.

But there is no doubt about his political acumen. While calling for disarmament and summit conferences, he has made Russia more powerful than she has ever been before. He has smashed the Hungarian revolt, curtailed extensions of freedom in the other satellites, consolidated his alliance with Red China and, for the first time in history, has extended Russian influence to the Middle East.

Perhaps his greatest success was the launching of the first Sputnik, a military and propaganda victory which has at least temporarily tipped the balance of terror in Russia's favour.

He has the enthusiasm of a schoolboy for new devices, especially those which promote Russian power. At the 1955 Russian Air Force Day, a U.S. air attaché trained his field-glasses on the main reviewing-stand as a flight of jet bombers screamed overhead. He saw Khruschev jumping

Continued on page 30

Khruschev has a gift for making friends—even in Hungary a year after the rising

Kirby (left) made a door-step speech on the second morning of the siege of Briar Patch. Standing on his left: Mrs. Gladys Boothman, who raised a fighting fund

Up the rosy path from Briar Patch

Ascot elegance, sporty cars and a tycoon's big deals . . . these are the surprise spoils of Leslie Kirby's victory at the battle of the bungalow

by HENRY MAULE

The Kirby family live in a comfortable new home at Faringdon, Berks. Kirby is now the managing director of his own property firm

At two o'clock on the afternoon of May 3, 1948, a sergeant of the Berkshire Constabulary took up position outside a little wooden bungalow named Briar Patch in Ralphs Ride, Bracknell. He had been warned that there might be trouble.

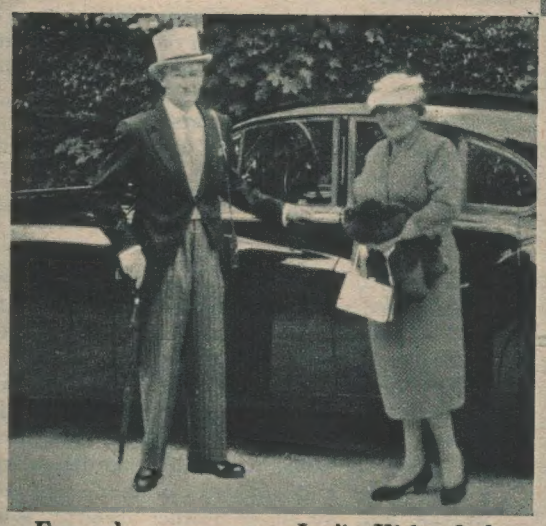
Presently, footsteps were heard approaching along the grassy ride. As if they were a signal for action from within the bungalow, a slim, greying man with a neat, clipped moustache walked out. He was a forty-one year old jobbing carpenter named Leslie Albert Kirby. He could not then have known that he was on the way from his £8-a-week job to a champagne existence as the owner of a country mansion, driver of fast sports cars, and backer of his own racehorses.

Hard on Kirby's heels as he emerged from Briar Patch came his two sons, fourteen-year-old Gerald and ten-year-old John. Nervously at the half-open door waited Dorothy Kirby, the carpenter's wife. Indoors on her sickbed lay his seventy-nine year old invalid mother-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Kane.

Slung around Gerald's neck was a hastily scrawled placard: "Would you like it if it were your home?" And borne by young John, nervous and with tears in his eyes, was another. "Down tools and leave our home up."

As the three Kirby males tensely positioned themselves at the wicket gate, a knot of people drew near. Some, in trilby hats, were council officials. Others carried tools and were clearly a demolition gang. Around them and behind them was a scattering of village men and women and newspaper reporters.

Two of the council officials stepped forward



Formerly a carpenter, Leslie Kirby finds himself moving in new circles. He and his wife leave for the Royal Enclosure, Ascot

towards Kirby. He called out defiantly: "I am not going to let you on to my property."

Douglas Saunders, Clerk to the Easthampstead Rural District Council, flanked by the council's surveyor, Harry Charlesworth, reminded Kirby that, according to the provisions of Section 5 (1) (*a*) of the Town and Country Planning (Interim Development) Act of 1943, he had no right to build Briar Patch where he had done.

And, in any case, the Easthampstead Council had refused to pass his plans because, it was decided, they contravened the council's by-laws.

"I have my invalid mother-in-law in the house," said Kirby heatedly (she had been invited to Briar Patch a few weeks earlier). "She cannot walk without assistance. It would most probably kill her if you attempt to pull the house down around her."

"But you know we are offering you alternative accommodation?" interposed Harry Charlesworth.

"A nissen hut! It is much too small for five of us. I would accept it only under extreme protest."

"Then that is all we want to know," said Charlesworth. And Saunders thereupon turned to the police sergeant and asked for access to the property "in the name of the law."

The sergeant stepped forward to open the gate. In filed the demolition party with crowbars, axes and sledgehammers. Mrs. Kirby shut the front door and disappeared. Little John began to cry.

Kirby stepped out in front of Briar Patch and called to the crowd: "Can Britishers allow this to happen?" The police sergeant asked the angry carpenter to restrain himself lest he should lay himself open to arrest for "inciting a riot," and Kirby made no more direct appeals to the crowd.

But he had by no means capitulated. As there came the screech of wrenched corrugated iron, and the cracking of wood beams forced apart, he

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Cruelly, thoughtlessly, we had left Flossie's three pups alone with death. Now my father was going to teach us a terrible lesson

A dog in a

FLOSSIE'S father was an amiable dog, anybody's dog, a useless dog. As a cattle dog he was without talent and would rather chase a leaf on the wind, or a spiral of dust on the plain, than work the cattle to my father's command. So he was discarded as a cattle dog and lived a life of contemptuous ease helping to bring the milkers in, until the ticks got him and he passed into silence.

But as a young and apparently promising dog he had been mated with Flossie's mother, a bitch of skill, persistence and obedience. The fruit of their blue-grey loins was Flossie, the beloved of my father.

Flossie was a bitch of passionate single-mindedness, and while still only a pup made this known to my father. She attached herself to him, and in return he taught her all the things she must know to be of paramount service in his work as cattle man. She learned quickly, and what she learned, she learned thoroughly and never forgot; for she had become part of him, and his will was hers.

That she was part of him was evidenced when she lay across the boots that he habitually left at night on the veranda. When anyone approached, either I or my brothers or my mother or people who came to discuss business, Flossie would bare her teeth and make it plainer than words that it would be a sacrilege to seek to touch the boots, and dangerous.

My brothers and I, to tease her sometimes when my father was absent, would hide the boots, and then she would come crying, seeking the emblems of her love and her responsibility.

My father loved Flossie, for a dog gives, as I see now, the unquestioning love and obedience to a good man that a good man deserves.

In due time Flossie was mated with a handsome dog of impeccable repute and breeding, and she had three pups. My father was at the birth and I think, looking back, that he suffered more then than at the births of my brothers and I.

The pups grew and flourished, and in time came to chase paper and leaves and mindless little willy-willies and white washing blowing on the line, and were the delight of Flossie, their mother.

When they were half-grown, and very much like my brothers and I in their appreciation of living, my father said to us: "Don't you boys ever take the pups out hunting."

My brothers and I answered dutifully: "No, Dad."

"I'll skin you alive," said my father, making himself perfectly clear, "if you ever take the pups out hunting."

We knew the reason for this, because my father loved Flossie, and it was a way of protecting her puppies from exhaustion, and the heat, and the dingoes which howled on the plain at night.

They are cowards, the dingoes, and when an Australian calls a man a dingo he is talking of a yellow hide and a mean spirit and a crooked nature, for the dingo is all of these; but the dingo is also a cunning wild dog who hunts with his pack, and when he is with his pack he will attack a cow and her calf, a dog, even a man. He draws his courage from the number of his comrades. He is a killer who delights in killing the weak, and if ever a dog or a puppy strayed from the house at night when the dingoes called, then it was death.

This day, I remember, my father went out to the mustering, taking Flossie with him. My brothers and I finished with our governess early, and went rolling and tumbling into the afternoon, ripe for mischief.

"Let's go hunting," suggested the eldest.

"And take the pups," said my second brother.

"No," said the eldest.

"Charl," I said. "Let's take the pups, please, Charl. . . ."

BEHIND and ahead of our horses the pups followed and ran, picking up new scents and old, barking with excitement to the perfume of fresh plain-turkey and ancient wallaby; wallowing in the dust raised by our horses; throwing themselves, like us, in the tag-end of the day.

We came to the lake and rested, then turned our horses for home, and in high spirits galloped a half-mile, and ambled another, and then walked, and my eldest brother asked: "Where are the pups?"

They had vanished into the plain, into the brigalow and the tall gums and the dust.

"They'll come," said my second brother.

"They'll come, Charl," I said. "No need to worry about the pups."

We came home in the short twilight and put up the horses; and, as we did, my father came in from the mustering, and with him came Flossie, who went, after her release, to her pups. We saw, sickly, that she scented for their tracks and then loped away, following where we had led them a long time before.

My father saw nothing at this time.

It was our custom to eat in the big dining-room with Ruby, our cook, waiting and scolding when we did not eat all of our dinner; and then it was the custom for my brothers and me to go to bed, and for my father and mother to go out on the veranda and sit in the great leather chairs for an hour.

This night, when all these routine things had been accomplished, my brothers and I went to our beds and lay awake, for there was still one more thing to be accomplished in the ritual, and that was for Flossie to come and lie across the discarded boots of my father.

After a while my father asked: "Where's Flossie?" She always came at this hour, after dinner.

Our nets were shrouds; we shook with fear under our blankets.

"She always comes," said my father, and in his voice was certainty and pride.

"Now, Bill," said my mother, who knew of the hunting. "Now, Bill, you mustn't get angry."

My father said, in a cold, still voice that was like the darkness away beyond the plain before the wet: "Fran—where is Flossie?"

"The boys took the pups out this afternoon. They lost them on the way back from the lake."

There was silence out there on the veranda, and we were stark between the sheets.

"If she doesn't get back . . ." said my father, and let the words hang in the night, so that I could hear the whine of insects, the furry thud of a big night-moth against glass. My heartbeats were like the thunder of hoofs in the rich dust of a mustering.

There had been in that unfinished phrase a threat, and for the first time in my life I thought of my father as a man of violence. I remembered, and I knew my brothers were remembering, too, the way he had dealt with a stockman who had come home drunk in a wagonette from a little village thirty miles away, with the horses lathered and dying in their spittle-flecked harness; what he had done to that man with the doubled whip in his hand next day, was worse than what the man had done to the horses the night before.

He was thinking of the dingoes. And, to point this thought, a dingo howled in the west, where the brigalow scrub was, and through which we had taken the pups on our way to the lake, and where Flossie was now, following their scent.

To hear a dingo howl at night, through the blackness, is to hear the ultimate in shivering loneliness.

Then my father put on his boots and went down the long wooden steps from the veranda

million

by **PHILIP M. JONES**

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

to the ground, and soon afterwards the lights of the utility shone west, and he went searching for Flossie.

He went a long way that night. My brothers and I did not sleep, our eyes burning in our heads, stiff under the blankets. My father returned, and thrust the truck into the shed, and came back to the house. He sat in his leather chair and leaned forward, staring across the veranda rail, willing his dog to come home.

I fell asleep from exhaustion, and so, too, did my second brother; but Charl stayed awake.

Charl says that just after midnight by the old clock in the dining-room, Flossie came home, nubbling at her pups and stopping behind them as she came to scent the dangerous air. She had her tail low behind her legs, from fear and uncertainty and the horror of that long trail through the infested darkness.

When she had seen the pups safely into the

We were ripe for mischief that afternoon. "Let's go hunting," said the eldest. I said: "Let's take the pups, please, Charl"

homestead yard, she came straight to my father, who had not moved, and slowly crept up to him. My father, says Charl, put out his hand and she licked it. He put his hand on her head and then ran it down the long, slim length of her body, and she quivered, looking up at him. She could not understand what my father had meant by allowing the pups to go into the bush and leaving them there, and he caressed her, explaining all this with his hands.

After a time she was satisfied, and accepted him, and he took off his boots in the ritual and put them down; she lay across them, her soft underchin nuzzled close against the dusty leather.

Then, says Charl, my father put slippers on his feet and came to our part of the veranda, where we slept in the three beds side by side.

Charl said: "Dad?"

"Wake your brothers," answered my father, and Charl woke us.

We stood in a row before him, our toes gripping the bare pine boards of the veranda flooring, afraid and half-asleep.

"Get your coats on, and something on your feet, and come with me."

The way in which he spoke gave us no hint of his intention and, without speaking, we did as we had been told. Charl helped me with my coat and I did something I would not have done in the daytime; I put my hand in his, and he took it, and his hand was warm and comforting.

Down to the shed where the utility was kept we went, and my father said: "Get in."

We crowded into the front seat, all three of us, and he backed the truck and swung it around and out through the homestead gate, down towards the paddock we called The Ten, because it was a paddock of ten thousand acres where my father's bullocks were being fattened before being droved to the railhead and the southern markets.

Through the paddock went the truck, and beyond, to the brigalow scrub. Here we stopped, and my father switched off the lights and came round to our side, opening the door. He motioned us out, and we stood in the darkness until our eyes could see; the black scrub and the occasional tall tree and the stars taller than the trees.

"Listen," said my father.

A curlew screamed, so close that it made us jump; and then, as if in answer, a dingo howled, a wild, cruel cry as meaningless as wanton evil, the echo of loneliness and the dingo's hunger.

Things moved in the bush, the dust beneath our feet seemed to stir, and we were naked and defenceless. My second brother began to cry. "I'm tired. I want to go home to bed."

My father answered him quietly: "My dog was tired, too, because we had been mustering. When you disobeyed me, she had to come out here again."

The dingo howled again, closer this time.

"You hear that?" said my father. "What if they had been waiting for her and the pups?"

I was tired, too, and frightened, and I joined my second brother. I wept. Big Charl stood beside me with his hand clenched on mine, and I could feel that he was crying, too, inside him. But I knew that he would stand there until morning and not cry, because he was the eldest, although he was not eleven years old then.

"Listen," said my father. "Listen to a story."

We stopped our snivelling.

"When you were a baby, Charl, and your brothers not even born, I had a pup. I used to lock him in a shed at night because the big yard wasn't properly fenced in those days.

"I was fond of that pup, and by the time he was half-grown he looked like being a good dog on the cattle. I used to think about his training, and how I'd make him the best cattle dog around. I had things planned for him."

It was strange, standing there half-asleep.

"One night I was careless. I was tired and I didn't check the door of the shed properly. The other men were away with the dogs; there was nothing to warn the pup, or me, when the dingoes came."

My second brother began to cry again, but my father went on in the same quiet voice, inexorably.

"Do you know how a dingo entices a house dog away? It's clever, and cunning, and cruel.

"The dingo comes out of the bush and he plays. His yellow ears are pricked and his tongue lolls out and his eyes are as bright as the stars up there.

"He runs up, and he runs back, he dances around and he retreats, and the foolish pup follows. Forward and back, forward and back, but every time he comes forward it is a little less, and every time he goes back it is a little more, and the pup follows. The pup is playing a game, and the dingo is baiting a trap, and death is in the trap for the puppy.

"Then they reach the place where the others wait; the yellow ears go back and the tail goes down, and the eyes that were as bright as stars are as cold and deadly as diamonds."

My father seemed to shiver, as if he, too, were cold, and I was glad of his great height between us and the bush.

"Charl," said my father, "I don't want you or your brothers ever to hear the noise a dingo pack makes as it kills, or the other noise, the terrified thing being set upon." He paused, looking down at us. "I heard it that night. I got a gun and I ran down to the long grass. All that was left to do was to shoot my dog."

We were silent.

"Get into the truck," said my father. "Come home now."

So we went home, and passed Flossie at her task of guarding the boots of my father, and she looked up at him, gently thumping the floor with her tail. . . .

When I was eighteen, I planned to go away from the station, for I had seen visions of cities across the plain, and it came the time for leaving. My father walked with me to the gate and shook hands; the driver revved the engine of the car and we drove away.

I turned a moment later and looked back to see the last of the place, but already my father was walking back to the homestead.

Behind him, like a shadow in the dust, the youngest of Flossie's grandchildren followed, with her black nose not an inch from my father's heels, a pure and loving slave. THE END

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JOHN BULL serialized these five great novels
A TOWN LIKE ALICE, THE FAR COUNTRY,
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. . . the fascinating story of dare-devil air ace Johnnie Pascoe—and the three beautiful women whose love he sought
BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Moss takes the Vanwall through a corner while winning the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort recently. Following him are Lewis-Evans (Vanwall) and Schell in a B.R.M.

Round a thousand dangerous corners I must make my own luck—and fight the flame-red Ferraris

How I plan to win the world title

by STIRLING MOSS

PEOPLE sometimes say that the world champion, Juan Manuel Fangio, nominated me as his successor, but they forget that the Argentinian did not specify when. Naturally, in 1958, I am going all out to win the proudest title I could ever dream of possessing.

I know how pleased Katie would be if I could manage to do it. I know that my racing worries her a bit—she has called it "one long strain"—but I am doubly proud of the help she gives me now. We should both like a family, but we do not want to take that responsibility until I have given up racing.

But success in motor racing is more chancy than victory in athletics, for instance. Drivers come into form just as runners do. I never felt better than on that glorious summer day, July 16, 1955. Then I roared away from the premier position on the starting grid at Aintree, which I had won through putting up the fastest lap in practice, played follow-my-leader to Fangio and then went out on my own, and brought my Mercedes in about two feet ahead of him to become the first Englishman to win the British Grand Prix.

Yet the dicy business of motor sport depends on more than the individual, whatever peak of condition he is in. The Olympics runner runs his own race, occasionally helped by the tactics of his country's team. The racing driver needs more than his own guts and judgment to take a 180-m.p.h. car round and round an intricate course where the advantage of a mere tenth of a second each lap can win the laurels.

He needs hundred per cent aid from the designer and from the organization which sends him out on the track. He also needs signals and split-second service.

The driver's state of mind is important, too. That's why I like Katie to travel with me to my jobs in various parts of the world whenever it is possible—neither of us finds separation good for us. And if she takes a little nagging when I am keyed up before a race, there is always the wonderful lift of relaxation afterwards—though any celebration on my part is strictly non-alcoholic.

I don't depend on luck. There is a lot of superstition in motor racing and rather unwillingly I have acquired a few superstitions myself. I feel better, for instance, if I carry the number 7. I made sure that Katie and I were married on the seventh of the month, and a bubble-car we had was numbered M7.

There was a time when I insisted on having a horseshoe riveted to my car; now I don't—I wear a Saint Christopher medal which Katie gave me. I'm not asking for good luck, but I keep my fingers crossed for bad luck to stay away.

Stirling and Katie Moss, after the Dutch Grand Prix. The inscription on the gold clock given to them by Fangio when they were married reads: "7.10.1957. To S. Moss, the future world champion. J. M. Fangio"

Nobody, for example, can rely on spectacular evasive action if he hits an oil patch unseen on a dry track—it is a far, far better thing to miss it. In rainy weather an oil drop from a faulty gearbox spreads and begins to be clearly seen. In all conditions the track officials should put up a yellow-and-red flag to mark the hazard, but often they have not the time to do this before the first driver comes past.

Disaster need not be confined to the car that actually hits the oil. In one Goodwood Nine-Hour Race I was driving a Porsche at ten o'clock at night when the Cooper Bristol ahead of me spun on oil at Woodcote Corner. I rammed Tony Crook's spinning Bristol so hard that we were both out of the race.

Sometimes there seem to be gremlins at work in the engine. Adjustments in design can go wrong, and there are heartbreaking mechanical breakdowns. At Monza, in the Italian Grand Prix, my windscreen was once shattered into fragments, smashed by a stone thrown up by Fangio's car. Working at tremendous speed, the mechanics in the pits fitted a new screen in less than a minute and I broke the lap record trying to win back those seconds. I was shortly forced out for good with a broken piston.

Soon after my marriage I was in Venezuela, doing 170 m.p.h. down a straight in the Sports Car Grand Prix, when an AC Bristol I was about to lap wandered across the road in front of me. I hit it at about 165 m.p.h. and we both crashed. Dresler, in the AC, was quite badly hurt. All I got was a blackened toenail. Luckily

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"Hat in the ring! Wed in the spring!" sang the ballyragging boys. But dare Ben hope there could ever be a girl for him?

THE TROTHING RING

by ROD McMANIGAL

ILLUSTRATED BY HANTS

NOBODY was surprised when young Dave Stoner threw his cap in the ring. Nobody in the village had any memory of how or when the custom began. The stone circle had always been there on the green, and every year at the sheep-shearing, when the village was crowded for the annual fair, the old game would be played where the nine great, mossy stones made a ring in the grass.

Now Dave Stoner was laughing, with his cap on the grass at his feet and his black eyes bright. He looked across the green at Mary Wilkin. She was standing by the bridge and the girls giggled and pushed her towards the ring.

Mary suddenly bolted for the ring, ran between two stones and bent over and picked up Dave's cap off the grass. She stood up, one hand shaking back her hair, and, with everybody shouting and calling, she went slowly to Dave and, the colour burning her cheeks, handed him back his cap.

Gathering round them, crowding across the grass, the lads and the girls sang out the old rhyme. *"Hat in the ring!"* they chanted. *"Wed in the spring!"*

Dave and Mary stood looking at each other. There was a brightness in his eyes and in Mary's that joined them, and kept them separate from all the folk crowding round them.

Ben Andrews stood on the fringe of the circle looking over the heads of the friendly crowd. His sheep-dog Tassie stood at his knee. Ben's face tugged into a smile. They looked happy, Mary and Dave.

Ben remembered afterwards just how the day was, how the sun was shining. The whole village happy, with money in its pocket, the shearing done. It was a good year for the wool and the prices had run smart.

Then one of the young lads in the crowd saw Ben. "Ben Andrews!" he shouted. "How 'bout it, Ben? Your hat in the ring! Hey!"

The faces turned towards him. Ben flushed.

"How about it, Ben? Hat in the ring! Wed in the spring! Somebody to do your cooking, Ben!" They circled round him. "It's high time, Ben! Now or never, hey!"

Ben backed away, trying to laugh. He was tall, and one of the lads reached for his cap. Ben dodged his head back, stiffly. Some of the older men were laughing, too.

"No, lad," he said. "Don't now." The boys were circling round him. Everyone was shouting, taking it up.

"Heed me, now! Hands off, lad!" Ben wanted the joke to stop. One of the boys rushed him from the front and he raised a hand to fend the boy off. Suddenly somebody behind him snatched his cap from his head.

Ben's hand went up. He wheeled about. His thick hair was all he felt beneath his hand, and the lads were shouting. They ran hooting into the stone ring and tossed his cap high and it fell on to the grass inside.

Ben looked at them, wanting to speak. The boys circled back running and laughing and calling, and they all sang the chant circling about him. The girls he saw across the circle, and some of them were laughing, too.

"Hat in the ring!
Wed in the spring!"

It was all just a ballyragging. No reason to take it wrong. Ben nodded, laughing. He saw Dave Stoner and Mary Wilkin holding hands together. The girls were all off across the grass, tittering. There was nobody going to pick up his cap. He saw that.

"Come on, Tassie. Come on, old girl." Ben waved the lads off. He had to get away. The cap did not matter. Folk called out and he nodded at them, grinning and swallowing. He had to go past the girls and he felt them looking at him.

At the corner of the green under the trees by the bridge he bent and picked up his bag and hoisted it on to his shoulder. Tassie was beside him. He took his sheep-hook and crossed the flat-stone bridge, hurrying across.

"Your cap, Ben!" a voice called out, and it set up another laugh, coming across the sound of the water under the bridge. Ben turned and waved once more, dismissing it, trying to say with his hand that the cap did not matter.

He climbed the path swiftly. He could not get quickly enough up to his cottage. He knew there was no girl in the village for him; he had always known it. He was tall and craggy, weathered-looking, turned thirty, and it was often said that there was no better man with the sheep. But before a girl Ben's eyes, that seemed always full of distance, would waver. He seemed to fall away before a girl and he would draw his head back, higher still, in his peculiar proud way, and find a reason always to be busy elsewhere.

He remembered every girl who stood across the grass in the group, looking at him and tittering, with his cap lying in the ring. He knew all their faces and their names. They were all younger than he was now, a few years younger; the older ones were married off. He knew it was just a fair-day joke, but it was hurtful to his pride that his cap should lie there, unwanted, in the trothing ring. . . .

Early the next day Tassie found a lamb caught up on Hone Tor in the rocks. When Ben reached it the lamb was weak and panicking, with one of its forelegs wedged tight into a chink in the rocks.

The leg was broken, bleeding raw. He got the struggling lamb free. He could feel its heart fluttering under his hand with its quick, shallow breath, as he carried it down from the high tor.

When he was just above the cottage he saw somebody coming along the road below, a woman, walking. He dropped down the path closer, and saw it was Dorothy Briggs. What could she be doing out alone on the moor?

Ben went in with the lamb to the shed next to the fold, and lighted up a wood fire under the pitch bucket. He was washing the broken foreleg when he heard a step out in front.

"Hallo!" he called out and went to the door.

Dorothy Briggs came round the side of the cottage. Her eyes were wide, as though she were frightened of something.

He saw that she was carrying a wicker basket. He wondered if she could be going out alone for a picnic on the moor. Her mother kept the village shop, and Dorothy always helped her.

BEN saw once again in her walk as she came towards him the thing the village had always seen and never understood. She was tall and slender and she moved always with a kind of slow grace—upright, but somehow withdrawn.

She saw the hurt lamb in Ben's hands. "What is it?" she said. "Is it hurt bad?"

"Broke a leg up on the tor. She'll be all right. Old Tassie took me up there this morning. Didn't you, girl?"

The sheep-dog was looking at Dorothy warily, and sniffing at the wicker basket.

"She smells your picnic," Ben said. "Nice day you have, too."

"Yes," she said. She smiled. "The spring wind is soft." She looked at him with that same wide, unsure look, then looked down, confused, at the lamb.

He took the lamb back inside the shed to set the leg, surprised at himself that it felt good

to do a job he knew, with the rather strange, tall, soft-cheeked woman there. She followed him in, and watched him with the lamb. Ben painted the leg with the warm pitch and placed the two halves of a split stake on it and bound it with some of the strips of sugar sacking.

"There we go," he said to the lamb, binding the leg finally. He trimmed the splints down. "Good as new, eh? Now where's your mum?"

He picked up the little thing and took it outside and reached over the wall of the stone fold and laid it down. The ewe was wary. She eyed them, standing off. Then the lamb bleated and struggled upright and ran, half-falling, to its mother. She stood unblinking, then nodding, ducking her head to nuzzle it in to her.

"She'll put things right again," Ben said, turning.

"Will it be sure to set?"

"The leg? You won't know it happened in a fortnight. Their bones are like wet cement when they're that young."

She looked at the lamb, and Ben was looking, too, smiling.

"Ben? You won't mind?" she said, beside him. He turned at the question. Dorothy looked at him, embarrassed. Her basket was on top of the low stone wall of the fold. She started to lift back the linen covering the basket, but then hurriedly tucked it down again with her hand.

"What was it?" he asked her. She was tall and slim beside him but she did not speak and he said: "You'll stop for a cup of tea? I'm not what you could call straightened round. I wasn't expecting. . . ." His hand went to his chin and he felt his day-old beard.

She was taking a paper parcel out of the basket. "I brought your cap, Ben. . . ." The words came out in a rush. "I didn't go out to the green till it was past dark. . . ."

SHE startled him. He looked at the parcel in her hand. His mouth opened to speak but he couldn't say anything. "You didn't have to do that," he said at last. His mouth was suddenly dry.

"They were wrong to do it to you," she said. "I wasn't the only one thought so."

"I don't know." He was flushing to have her speak of it.

"It was wrong. They didn't mean anything. You know that. Not against you." Her words tumbled out.

"I suppose I looked a fool."

She seemed to speak drawing in her breath. "Oh, no!" she said.

"Well, I can tell you I felt a fool." He was flushing again now, as he took the parcel from her hand. "So you brought me back my cap? I tell you I wasn't about to go down and pick it up."

"Ben, I don't want you to think it has to mean anything."

What she said made him look at her, surprised. Her words were so quick, they seemed alarmed. "Nobody saw me," she said. "I'm sure nobody saw me at all." She dropped her eyes.

Bewildered, he took his cap out of the paper. He turned it about in his hands, and awkwardly put it on and then took it off again. Dorothy Briggs? He suddenly realized what she meant, and felt an awful fool.

"Well. . . ." He shook his head. She was decent to bring it back to him. But it all seemed so damn strained and awkward, the whole business. It was a damn fool business; it made him edgy. "The boys didn't mean nothing. No harm. It wasn't but a piece of ballyragging."

"They won't know. They won't know from me." She was blinking and smiling, taut, without seeing him. Her face was thin and tight, and she took down her basket off the wall of the fold. "I'm glad you've got your cap."

"You didn't need to have done it. . . ."

He followed her out, feeling all arms, awkward; and resenting his awkwardness. He knew he seemed ungrateful. She was going out towards the front of the cottage and he spoke after her. "You wouldn't like a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you. I'll perhaps see you in the shop? When you're down again."

"Yes." He called: "Thanks. Thanks a lot."

He stood confounded, watching her go. He was prickled with sweat. How did it get so complicated? Women were always so complicated. She was walking away fast on the path down through the gorse. Ben felt ashamed and stood watching her; he had been too short with her; he felt as though something had still to be said. She went out of sight.

It put a burden on him. His mind would not rest easy. Setting about his work, he packed some bread and cheese into his pack. He wanted to walk, he had to go somewhere and think. He took his sheep-hook and walked for miles.

Tassie loped ahead, her tongue out. She frisked and played, and ran back to him grinning. Ben only saw the dog with half an eye.

The hammering question beat against his mind. Why had she brought him back his cap? Did it mean something? Dare he think so? Dorothy Briggs—it was strange to think of her in that way; she had always been different.

But she was decent, as decent as anything. Even if the lads might laugh at her, she was always the same. She would not change just for the jokers in the village. Dare he? Dare he?

He got back to his cottage at sunset and threw himself into his chair in the half-light, and shut his eyes against the murky red glow that hung in his western window.

But he knew he was going to do it. They would really rag him this time. But, in spite of all, he was going to try it.

It made him breathless to think of it. He felt like doing a jig. He stood up and lit his lamp, and grinned at himself. He kept hearing her voice, Dorothy's voice, as though it were beside him, laughing, in his cottage. So he would go courting after all!

The next day Ben put on his cap and took the steep path down to the village. He left Tassie on the moor. Tully Simpson saw him from the doorway of the pub, and turned and said something inside, before waving to him. Ben saw him turn. A couple of the lads inside were looking out at him. *That's started it already*, he thought.

He went along the edge of the green past the stone circle to the village shop. Mrs. Briggs was serving Tom Wheatley's wife. Ben waited till she was done.

MRS. BRIGGS smiled. She was a gentle woman, round-shouldered. She always looked weak and dim-eyed behind her small, gold spectacles.

"Well, Ben?" she said.

"Mrs. Briggs," he nodded. He cleared his throat. "Is Dorothy about?" He looked towards the back.

"Yes, she's there. Do you want to see her? Dorothy . . ." her mother called out. "Ben Andrews is asking for you. She'll be right in. Could I get you anything?"

"No, thanks. I'll just wait."

Dorothy came in from the back. "Hallo, Ben," she said uncertainly.

"Could you . . . ? Could you . . . ?" he began. He took off his cap. He looked at Mrs. Briggs. She was writing in the ledger-book back by the drawer. "I—I don't know as I should say it here in the shop. I think I had rather go outside."

"Yes?" She said it like a question, softly.

She came round the corner and glanced at him for just a moment as she passed. She went out of the door ahead of him. He looked at her; she was so slender and graceful. She carried herself in the same proud, quiet way.

Ben went out behind her and then he caught her up and they walked across the green.

"When you came up yesterday with my cap," he said at last, "you said you didn't do it to mean anything . . . ?"

"Yes?" She said it in the same soft way.

"I wondered," he said huskily, "if you would mind . . . ?" His words trailed away.

"Mind?"

". . . If I took it to mean something? I've been wondering. All day yesterday and last night. I've been hoping."

She was looking at the water and slowly she turned to him. Her eyes had gone so large that for a moment he thought she must be frightened of him. "Ben," she said softly. Then, shutting her eyes, she nodded, holding her breath. "I'm so glad," she whispered at last. "The other day, you know, when they took your cap. I was hurt, so much."

She looked startlingly young and tender. "I hated to see you hurt," she went on. "But I couldn't move, I didn't dare. They would only laugh at you the more. They laugh at me, Ben."

"Ah, but, lass, it's us as does the laughing now! Look what they've done for us."

"Yes!" she nodded fiercely. "Yes!"

She was laughing, and Ben saw a pride in her eye that would make a match for his own. He looked at her and took her hand and started to run. He ran, with her laughing beside him, across the green towards the stone circle.

"Don't, Ben! Oh, don't!" She was laughing and she tried to pull him away from the ring. "You're not to!"

"Ah, but I am! And I will! In the broad day!" he cried. "I want to show them! I want to show them all the girl I've picked, who's picked me!"

He heard Tully Simpson call out something over at the pub. And he saw some of the lads appear, then run, coming towards them, calling out loud across the green. They were whooping.

"Come on!" he cried to them. And, joyously, he flung down his cap inside the great ring of mossy stones.

THE END

© *Rod McManigal, 1958*

Summer Scene

by MALCOLM DEREK MOBBS

Blurred white orb
Sped on its way,
By nut-brown arms
And singing strings,
A field of
Metronomic eyes
Survey the sun-dyed
Duel below,
A duel of strength,
Of subtle thought;
A day in June
On Centre Court.

3 · SEURAT

Peace and poetry in a timeless world

NOT long before he painted his great works, Georges Seurat had been called up to do his military service in the French Army, and was stationed on the coast at Brest.

He was an immensely secretive man (even when he was well known he would not allow his painter friends inside his studio) and he has told us nothing about himself at this time. But it is not fanciful to imagine him on sentry duty, looking out over the ocean, and acquiring an intimate knowledge of its light and colour and a deep feeling for some of its moods.

Later on, Seurat often painted along the Normandy coast. "There is always in his art," one American critic wrote, "a quality that recalls the trance-like stillness of coastal regions and that feeling of suspension in eternity which they induce."

A short while ago, when one of Seurat's sketches, which fetched £12,000, was up for auction, it was referred to in a newspaper article as a picture in which you could hear a pin drop.

Seurat himself scorned such praise. On one occasion, a critic wrote that he was the first painter "to render the feelings which the sea inspires on a calm day." Seurat's only comment was: "They do me the honour of seeing poetry in what I have done. No. I apply my method, and that is all there is to it."

He seems to have believed that pictures could and should be made according to a method, and that anyone with intelligence could learn it. His belief was a mistake, but his work was not.

In fact, his method was no more than an endeavour to make a hard-and-fast system out of things intuitively known to painters already. He had taken his cue from the optical discoveries of physicists who, at that time, were investigating the nature of colour and light.

As a result, he limited his palette to a colour circle of four fundamental colours and their intermediate tones: blue—blue-violet, violet, violet-red; red—red-orange, orange, orange-yellow; yellow—yellow-green; green—green-blue; and so back to blue. These colours could be mixed with white. But, so as to get the maximum intensity, they were not to be mixed among themselves.

Instead, small strokes and dots of them were set down side by side, and they were thus mixed optically, in the eye of the spectator, standing some feet away. It was also a part of the method that rules could be established to regulate how lines and their directions, light and shade, and colours themselves, should be arranged and related to one another so as to express the emotions from which a painting had begun. Slow ascending lines, cool colours and medium tones induced a feeling of calm and content; swifter and livelier ascending lines and warmer colours (such as red) expressed gaiety; descending lines, dark tones and cold colours (such as blue) produced sadness.

It is no small part of the mystery of painting that lines and forms and colours do affect the spectator in these ways. They can induce great restlessness or great peace—as interior decorators well know. But it is doubtful whether this can be made into a science, with a system of rules. The eye is much more complicated than that—as also is the soul.

Unfortunately, the scientific preoccupations of Seurat and his friends made most of their contemporaries think of them as just a bunch of fanatics with a set of dogmas. The method of colour spots—likened by one critic to coloured fleas—and the appearance of insistent calculation in his pictures obscured for Seurat's contemporaries the two qualities of his work that are most obvious to us now.

The first of these qualities is the poetry that Seurat himself disavowed. The second is his skill as a natural designer. When we look at his paintings now, we do not think at first of his calculations in colour and colour spots, but of the sheer architecture of the pictures.

Indeed they recall to mind the work of two fifteenth-century Italian painters, Paolo Uccello and Piero della Francesca, who were absorbed in the technical side of painting, not of colour but of perspective. The story goes that Uccello used to wake up his wife in the night, exclaiming "How beautiful is perspective!"

Seurat knew all about the mathematical laws of harmony and the geometrical disposition of forms that makes the frescoes of Piero della Francesca so deeply satisfying. Indeed the likeness to Piero goes farther. In the works of both of them the figures are set down in an absolutely perfect balance, and they are, so to put it, strangely static in a world frozen into immobility. But they are static and immobile in so moving a way that there emanates from them an atmosphere of tranquillity and timelessness.

THIS second quality of Seurat's painting was precisely the quality which at that time some of the Impressionists were beginning to think was missing from their own works, though, with one exception, they could not themselves see this. To a large extent, painters are so absorbed by what they are doing that they can often be blind to the outstanding qualities of other painters' work, which is why painters are often poor judges of painting.

Renoir and Monet had lived in fearful poverty because an older generation had ridiculed their work. But they showed no sympathy whatever for the paintings of Seurat. The one exception was Camile Pissarro, perhaps the most lovable and understanding of all the artists of that time. He had a sympathy with every sincere artistic aspiration which sprang from a genuine humility of mind. After the first exciting days, when the Impressionist method of rendering light was being mastered, he had begun to feel unsure of himself, and when he met Seurat he showed his readiness to learn by putting himself to school with a man almost thirty years younger.

Seurat was then twenty-five and had had a conventional art school education, although he had also done much reading in scientific works about colour. Pissarro was so sure that Seurat's methods were foolproof that he spoke of his paintings as "Scientific Impressionism" compared with the works of Renoir and Monet, whom he regarded as "romantic" or hit-and-miss Impressionists.

RENOIR, too, was having his doubts. He once confided to an art dealer friend: "I had gone to the end of Impressionism and I was reaching the conclusion that I did not know either how to paint or how to draw. I was at a dead end." He gave one of the reasons. "While painting directly from nature," he said, "the artist quickly comes to the point where he looks only for the effects of light, where he no longer composes and he quickly falls into monotony."

This was profoundly true. For almost all of us there is an immense visual satisfaction in the contemplation of shapes, and lines and forms arranged in a certain relation to one another. Colour and the way the light falls cannot be ignored. Colour renders form, and without light nothing at all would be seen. But if forms dissolve into the fugitive effects of light, and the structure of things is disintegrated into a prismatic haze of colour, some part of the spectator is likely to go hungry.

Something like this—but I have, of course, put it too crudely—was troubling Renoir.

"How hard it is," he once explained to a young painter, "to find exactly the point in a picture at which imitation of nature must stop!" The pastels of Degas satisfy mainly because of their calculated compositions of lines and forms; visual though it be, this satisfaction is one of intellect as well as of the senses. Of this kind also is the art of Georges Seurat. It illustrates some of the things that a younger generation found wanting in pure Impressionism.

Look now at the picture on the following pages. La Grande Jatte is an island in the Seine at Asnières, a suburb of Paris: "A Sunday

Continued on page 20

SEURAT

"A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte" (*Un Dimanche Après-midi à L'Ile de La Grande Jatte*) was completed by Seurat in 1886 after he had done twenty preparatory drawings and forty painted sketches. It is in oils on a canvas 81 x 120⅝ ins., and is in the Helen Birch Bartlett Collection of the Art Institute of Chicago

© Collection The Art Institute of Chicago, The Helen Birch Bartlett Collection.

Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte" depicts a group of men, women and children taking the air in their Sunday best, sitting and strolling under the trees on a summer afternoon, their pets with them. It is a week-end sight that might be seen anywhere. The theme is an Impressionist one; ordinary people on an afternoon off in the open air; and the studies and sketches that Seurat made for it, on the spot, are done in a way that recalls the Impressionists.

But it is not an Impressionist picture. It took two years to do, and although the sketches were made out of doors the final painting was made in the artist's studio. There is no suggestion of its being a rapid spontaneous sketch in the Impressionist manner. On the contrary, and quite clearly, it is most carefully and precisely designed, the position and arrangement of every figure calculated to a hair's breadth.

Colour and tone are used in a way unthinkable before the Impressionists; but there is no sense of catching the fugitive effects of light at a particular moment of a particular day—no sense of catching time on the wing. Instead the passing "here and now" becomes an eternal "here and now," and although the figures are riveted to a particular date by their fashions in clothes—the top hats of the men, for instance, and the bustles of the women—the painting has become any and every Sunday afternoon, the very quintessence of a fine Sunday afternoon in a public park.

The geometry of design alone is not art. This painting is by no means a spontaneous reaction to visual sensation. It is intellectual through and through. Yet it is also sensuous, and the geometry of the design would not produce its effect without the way in which the colour is used. Nor would it if, instead of being expressed in human figures and boats and animals, it were conveyed in equivalent abstract shapes.

The contrasting dots of the paint itself create an effect like that of sun-dazzle, and the harmony that the geometry produces cannot be separated from the stillness of a sun-drenched afternoon. There is also some sharp observation, and plenty of quiet humour, as witness the monkey, and the figure in the left foreground, reclining on his elbow and smoking his long-stemmed pipe while he gazes into the distance. What an image it is of relaxation!

Seurat's contemporary admirers spoke almost exclusively of his scientific method in colour and of his system with regard to complementary colours, the "law of simultaneous contrast," and so forth. Describing the painting of the grass in the foreground of "A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte," a friend wrote that "most of the strokes render the local value of the grass; others, orange-tinted and thinly scattered, express the hardly felt action of the sun; bits of purple introduce the complement to green. Black being a non-light, the black dog is coloured by the reactions of the grass; its dominant tint is therefore deep purple; but it is also attacked by the dark blue arising from neighbouring spaces of light."

It is no wonder, perhaps, that Gauguin referred to Seurat and his friends as "those little green chemists."

In fact, Seurat's over-tidy mind, disposed to believe that there could be scientifically demonstrated systems of how to make a painting, did incline him to a degree of artificiality and selfconsciousness that might have ruined his work had he lived long. But he was only twenty-six when he finished "La Grande Jatte," and he died just under five years later at the age of thirty-one. As it was, he was young enough for his absorption in formal problems and theory not to stifle his sensations of atmosphere or his emotions.

His disciples retained only the methods without the genius, and for a time their productions discredited his work. Camille Pissarro had sat at his feet, but within a few years Pissarro was having misgivings and qualifying his admiration. How was it possible, he asked, to combine the method of painting in dots according to an elaborate and rigid design with "the fullness, suppleness, liberty, spontaneity and freshness postulated by our Impressionist art"?

Had he not been too polite, he would have liked to say more, as he did later in an outburst to his own son: "But damn it all, then, make something that has life. And then paint with sepia, if you like. But, in God's name, make something good. I don't give a fig for the method if the result is poor."

The truth is that whether or not Seurat's scientific theories of optics were humbug, as Pissarro came to feel, Pissarro was right in thinking that Seurat's disciples had killed their instincts for the sake of what they considered the certainties of a scientific method. Colour is the emotional and sensuous element in painting. But both atmosphere and states of mind are too complicated for any rigid scientific system.

Drawing is different. There is a discoverable geometry of the intellectual side of painting—composition, and the disposition and proportions of shapes and silhouettes and volumes, the relations of horizontals and verticals—that both delights the senses and satisfies the mind. Here Seurat was a master, and at the time when he painted "La Grande Jatte," his theories about colour were his servants and not his masters.

In this picture we can enjoy not only the workings of his intellect but his sensations in face of nature. They might help us, too, to appreciate the grammar of painting.

Seurat was not concerned in the first place—it is all a matter of degree—to capture the visible world as it appears to an eye, neither was he primarily concerned to express his emotions and his sense of the stillness of wide spaces. Primarily he was constructing a picture that would satisfy the mind with the peace that comes of order.

Although it is flesh and blood that make it live, the skeleton of his work is abstract. Seurat was not using the language of painting to express states of mind. He was seeing what he could do with the language itself, so to speak, to satisfy some of the longings of the soul.

He is very much a modern painter. But his work also recalls the Italian masters of the fifteenth century. There is nothing new under the sun; or not very much. THE END

More reproductions of Modern Masterpieces will appear in future issues of "John Bull"

Seurat completed "La Baignade" in 1884. His masterly use of colour and design captures the peace of a sun-drenched day

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, London

IN SHORT

Going Concern

Suppose my wife and I are sitting.
I'm reading, maybe, and she's knitting.
I'm nicely settled, hate to stir;
The same, no doubt, is true of her.
Comes now a ring upon the phone,
Or Spots wants out, to dig a bone,
Or Junior calls, demands a drink,
Or water's dripping in the sink.
A thoughtful soul, I drop my book
And give my wife a tender look.
"I'll go, my dear. Sit still," I say,
But not until she's on her way.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Flying Interview

. . . You can give your five million readers a great big kiss from me and tell them that this is one girl who thinks they're all wonderful. And I'm just thrilled at being in England again. I do admire your wonderful people and the way you manage those cute little ration books. I'm sure I could never understand how to use one, but you're all so clever with them.

You don't have ration books any more? Oh! Now isn't that wonderful. That's what I call real progress.

I always say that good plain English food is wonderful, just wonderful. I could go on eating it for ever. But unfortunately my doctor won't let me. He says it would kill me.

And Englishmen? I'm just crazy about them. They're so gallant. And those kilts they wear, they're so . . . so . . . manly.

Sure I've seen lots of England. On my last visit I toured all over London. It's just wonderful, all those castles and things. They really get me. And the grass is so green. I love green English grass. I suppose it's the wonderful weather. The cold winds are so bracing and rain is so good for a girl's complexion. And I just love walking in a fog.

Believe me, outside Hollywood, there's no place I'd rather make movies than in England. All my friends back in Hollywood think I'm awfully brave to make movies here, and I suppose I am really. But I always say a little hardship never did anybody any harm.

No, unfortunately, I'm not staying this time. I'd love to, but I can't. I'm only changing planes. I'm going to the Riviera for a couple of months, then to Spain. And I expect I'll be in Rome for a month or so. Then I'm going to Switzerland and Austria. So you see, I'm really rushed. There's my plane ready for leaving. Bye! It's been wonderful being in England again. Bye! Bye . . . !

MICHAEL O'LEARY

Other People's Letters

I played Candida last night—it's my favourite part so far. Hilda Potter and I dig together this tour and when we were in the fish shop buying our dinner in came Casson and his great friend who has joined us called Jules Shaw. . . .

Casson came to me and said: "I watched your Candida last night from a box (he's not in *Candida*). I've made note and criticisms, will you come and have some coffee with me and I'll go through the part with you." Hilda was furious, "Like his cheek," she said: "no praise, only criticisms—he's a fearfully hard man." Anyway I made her come and have coffee, too, and that man fairly laid me low. I came out of that coffee shop feeling like a used two-cent stamp, but all the same he said some jolly good things, and I shall do everything he says because he knows more about it than I do. Wasn't it decent of him . . . ?

Jules Shaw told Hilda rather a funny thing as we were walking home from the theatre the afternoon after rehearsal. He said: "Casson was very funny in the box last night, he kept saying, 'Ah, that's good,' and 'I've never seen that bit played better,' and then writing copious criticisms. . . ." I'm glad he told Hilda that and Hilda told me, or I'd have been very discouraged.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of last column.

Starke's Guide To The Happy Home

"Harmony and understanding in the home can often be achieved, and unpleasant bickering avoided, if a thoughtful wife makes a timely and judicious gift to placate her husband"

Just Published

On my way into Tinerhir I had passed a shady pool deep in the heart of a palm grove which was swarming with plump and lazy bream. There was a large signpost beside the pool. On it was written, in French and in Arabic: "This is the Pool of the Sacred Fish. . . ." Highly intrigued, and convinced that I must be on the track of a little-known magic rite, I began to make enquiries.

I pestered the Caid, but he knew nothing about the fish, except that they were there—calm and undisturbed. I became all the more curious. At long last, after innumerable interviews with likely informants, my interpreter and I tumbled upon an old man who admitted with a sly smile that he knew all about the origin of the sacred fish, but that it was a closely guarded secret. We pleaded with him and bribed him until he whispered in our ear: "There is a French captain in the oasis who is very fond of fish. So in order to keep people from poaching in the pool he hit upon the bright idea of calling it The Pool of the Sacred Fish. Everybody is scared to touch the fish in case they are protected by djinns."

From *Saints and Sorcerers*, a Moroccan Journey, by Nina Epton, published last week by Cassell.

Sweet Mystery Of Woman

How cannily the spike-heeled feet
Of women patter down the street!
They dodge each grating, skirt each grid,
They zigzag, but they never skid.
To think that women can do this
Unerringly, and yet not miss
A window with a witty hat.
The theme is one to marvel at.
It makes a man feel less than human.
What skill it takes to be a woman!

E. S. TURNER

The letter was written by Sybil Thorndike to her brother, Russell Thorndike, in 1908. She later married Lewis Casson.

Up the rosy path from Briar Patch

Continued from page 9

was telling pressmen: "An Englishman's home is his castle. All I am doing is trying to defend my right to live in a house I have built myself on ground that I have bought myself."

Somehow the hearts of the demolition gang did not seem to be in their work. They had done no more than dismantle some outhouses and load the wood and corrugated iron on to their lorry before they decided that it was time to halt for tea.

They knew that there was a sick old woman lying in the bungalow. Kirby kept making it quite clear to them. Neither could they help hearing the increasingly disparaging remarks that bystanders were making.

Tea without sympathy palled. So did the job. The demolition men downed tools and refused to touch Briar Patch as long as there was furniture inside. It still stood when night fell.

Next day, reluctantly, the men were back at work. So was the crowd, a much bigger crowd. The morning newspapers had carried the story of the stand of the Kirby family at Briar Patch. A Mrs. Gladys Boothman, of Austyn Gardens, Surbiton, in Surrey, sent a telegram of protest to the King. And for good measure, to the Prime Minister and the Minister of Health.

By the time some removal men, hired by the council, had arrived, and refused to touch Kirby's furniture, Mrs. Boothman's telegrams had done the trick. The phone bells had rung between Buckingham Palace, Downing Street and the planning ministry. Then another rang in the offices of the Easthampstead Rural District Council. The planning minister himself was instructing the council to call the demolition men off pending a full ministerial inquiry.

The workmen left, and the crowd dispersed, leaving carpenter Kirby victor in the first round of the battle.

Kirby had been in Bracknell since the spring of 1946, when he had bought a plot of land in Ralphs Ride, a woodland area of pines and birches shown on old maps as part of Windsor Forest. The plot was 48 feet wide by 120 feet long, and it cost him £350. With his own hands he felled several large trees on his land and sawed them up for use in his building. In June, 1946, he started to build a bungalow.

He continued unabashed when the Easthampstead Council refused to pass his plans, and in spite of several warnings. In August, 1947, the council tartly told Kirby to demolish his home within twenty-eight days, subject to an appeal to the courts. He made no appeal, and the council threatened demolition during the following May. This was the first round that Kirby won.

Nineteen days later a public inquiry into the Briar Patch case was conducted by an inspector of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning at Church House, Bracknell.

By now Kirby was not alone. Spruced up, but in his work-a-day suit, he sat beside Victor Bratt, the lawyer he had engaged to represent him. On his other side was Mrs. Gladys Boothman, his unexpected champion.

The inquiry took all day. At the close Mrs. Boothman told pressmen that a "Kirby Fighting Fund" had been launched to defray legal expenses. Meanwhile John and Gerald were offered a free holiday by a benevolent colonel from Camberley.

The Ministry of Town and Country Planning wasted no time in making their inspector's findings known. Briar Patch must be pulled down after all. Carpenter Kirby declared stoutly: "I still intend to fight for my home whatever happens." He sent the Easthampstead council a bill for £132 "for loss of working time and costs of removal and re-erecting workshop." He had hired a lorry, moved the dismantled outhouses back to Briar Patch, and re-erected them.

Then he set about improving his woodland home. He employed a London architect to draw up new plans showing Briar Patch with white rough-cast walls and antique tiles on the roof. A particularly elegantly proportioned water butt was thrown in for good measure.

"Really it's just the old Briar Patch, but they are nicer plans than those I drew myself," he explained. "That water butt is the finishing touch. I reckon it'll do the trick."

It did. The Easthampstead Rural District Council passed the new plans, establishing that Briar Patch now conformed to their by-laws. The ball was now in the planning minister's court. Any order for demolishing Briar Patch would have to come from him.

Kirby announced to the newspapers that the bungalow was open to the public, "qualified architects being especially welcome." Mrs. Kirby added cheerfully that, despite the "usual shortages," she would be happy to welcome visitors. "So long as I can manage it there will be a cup of tea for everyone, including Mr. Lewis Silkin (then Planning Minister) if he would like to come and see for himself."

Mr. Silkin did not come. But a second demolition day was fixed — December 15. When the day came, the Kirby family were snugly at home and busy decorating for Christmas. Mrs. Kirby told reporters: "The Christmas pudding is made and the boys are looking forward to hanging up their stockings. I am praying this will happen in our own warm little home."

Her prayer was answered. No move was made to demolish the bungalow.

THEN Kirby seized the initiative. He put in an appeal in 1949 against the refusal under the Planning Act to pass his new plans. And he instigated a High Court action against the minister himself.

But he was also having troubles of his own. In May he was sued in Windsor County Court by Victor Bratt, the solicitor who had represented him at the previous year's public inquiry, for legal expenses amounting to £58 17s. Kirby counter-claimed for negligence in handling his case, and the question raised was whether he was liable for the costs or whether they should be paid by those who instigated the "Kirby Fighting Fund." Bratt said only £22 of the legal expenses had been paid from the fund, and he had received a letter from Mrs. Boothman saying the fund had all been spent.

The county court judge commented that it "seemed a bit thick" if the fund, which drew money even from the U.S.A., should have been exhausted after only £22 had been paid out, and he adjourned the hearing. Eventually the case was settled out of court.

Meanwhile Mrs. Kirby and the boys were tackling Briar Patch garden. "We shall have a show of flowers to rival any planned pleasure gardens," she declared.

The Kirby family rounded off the year 1949 more firmly ensconced than ever in Briar Patch. Kirby told a reporter that they had celebrated a very happy Christmas with a seventeen-pound turkey and four bottles of Scotch. "I have orders already for three Briar Patches to be built," he explained. "If England is to survive its housing troubles, Briar Patches must grow, and grow fast."

Kirby had, indeed, successfully registered with the Ministry of Works as a builder, and claimed to have orders from many parts of the country to build bungalows similar to his own.

On the legal side he had suggested mediation to relieve public funds of the cost of his High Court action against the Planning Minister. Kirby himself qualified for free legal aid; he had also started legal action against Easthampstead Rural District Council and Harry Charlesworth, its surveyor, for alleged trespass and damages.

To represent him in the High Court — nobody accepted mediation — he retained John Selwyn Brooke Lloyd, Conservative Member of Parliament for the Wirral division of Cheshire, and later to become Foreign Secretary. "I was hoping Sir David Maxwell Fyfe would take the case for me, for I understand he is greatly interested in it," said Kirby. "But I am sure Mr. Selwyn Lloyd will do."

It was February, 1951, before the case was heard. Described now as "dapper and grey-haired," forty-six year old Kirby with his wife and two sons heard Selwyn Lloyd submit that "the then Minister and Ministry acted in a high-handed, autocratic manner."

Mr. Justice Jones, who was hearing the case, commented at one juncture: "There is no doubt that the letters from the ministry are open to criticism." And he reserved his judgment. But in March that judgment was made known. Kirby had lost his action on all counts. The judge added, however, that, "because of his very small financial resources," carpenter Kirby would not be required to pay costs.

Meanwhile a new public inquiry had been ordered. Its result was that Briar Patch was given a three year reprieve, to allow Kirby time to find another site on which to build, or some alternative accommodation.

Kirby declared: "Three years' grace is no good to me." He sent Hugh Dalton (by then Planning Minister) a registered letter inviting him down for a cup of tea so that he could see just how good Briar Patch was.

Meanwhile the Kirby family were busier than ever in the garden—"And you can take it from me it's perennials we are planting, and not hardy annuals," said Kirby.

Throughout the whole of 1952 and the first few months of 1953 the Kirby-ministry skirmishing continued. Then, suddenly and surprisingly, in May, 1953, action was taken by yet another Minister of Housing, Harold Macmillan. He offered to take no active steps to direct the demolition of Briar Patch, and gave his word that if Kirby dropped his action against the Ministry he would not be asked to pay costs.

Kirby considered the future Prime Minister's offer carefully. Then, throwing up his black homburg (he was wearing one by then), he accepted it and declared, "We've won!"

FOUR months later he was bemoaning the fact that his fight for his rights had ruined him and that he would have to sell Briar Patch to pay the debts he had incurred. He calculated the price of victory to be £900 of his savings, plus a £600 debt incurred.

Offers to buy Briar Patch (which had had a racehorse named after it by this time) began to come in. The top bid was £1,700.

Then the postman delivered an anonymous letter containing a cheque for £800. At first Kirby thought it was a hoax, but his local bank manager soon reported otherwise. The unsigned letter accompanying the cheque was written in the hand of an elderly woman and said: "I hope the enclosed cheque for £800 will enable you to live and enjoy your house Briar Patch, for which you have put up such a plucky fight."

"I'm saved," said Kirby. "After seeing what faith people have in my cause, I'll never sell Briar Patch."

After Kirby had had one more brush with the local authority, Macmillan came down irrevocably on the side of the carpenter. He granted permission for the retention of the bungalow without a limit of time.

Leslie Albert Kirby, his hair quite grey now, but wearing a well-pressed dark suit, crisp white shirt and dark-blue polka-dotted tie, said: "At last I know it really is over and that I have won."

Three months later he announced that Briar Patch was for sale for £1,700 and he was moving to a new home at Faringdon, forty miles away the other side of Berkshire. Kirby described how an old workhouse at Faringdon had been converted into flats before the war by Albert Hamlin, his solicitor. "One of the flats was always reserved for me in case the worst happened in my fight for Briar Patch," Kirby revealed. "I built Briar Patch from the beginning with hopes of selling one day. That day I feel has now come."

Aided by sons Gerald and John, Kirby set to work renovating the thirty-four flats in the old workhouse till they were good enough to let at from three to five guineas a week. At the same time, by way of a change from Briar Patch, he bought Framlands, a nine-bedroomed mansion in the village of East Challow, Wantage. It was the traditional home of the squire, built to a Wren design in four acres of grounds.

"As a matter of fact, I did not really mean to buy Framlands when I first went out there," Kirby recalls. "I had actually gone to an auction sale of furnishings and fittings there, wanting some nice stuff to put in the flats. None of the items for sale was good enough for me, so I jokingly asked the agent: 'How much do you want for the house?' He told me about five thousand pounds."

Kirby's appetite was whetted. The

Challenge the Famous

Dr. DESMOND MORRIS

(Head of Granada TV's London Zoo unit) answered six questions on WILD LIFE. Test your wits and try to beat his score.

(Answers on page 27)

1 *Which is the world's biggest animal?*
Some form of whale. I think it must be the blue whale.

2 *How is the cobra fascinated by the flute-playing snake charmer?*
Not by the music. It is fascinated by the rhythmic swaying of the flute.

3 *When we speak of a bald-faced stag what does the word "bald" mean?*
I don't know the phrase so I'll have to guess. I should imagine a bald-faced stag is one whose antlers have been removed.

4 *How fast does the fastest animal run?*
The fastest animal is the cheetah. It is said to be able to run at a speed of 80 m.p.h., but I think that just over 60 m.p.h. is probably a more correct answer.

5 *We frequently talk of moving at a snail's pace. How fast is this?*
I should imagine that a snail covers a foot in about sixteen seconds.

6 *How many legs has a lobster?*
It is a decapod. It has ten legs.

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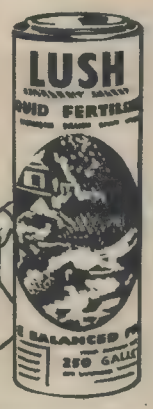

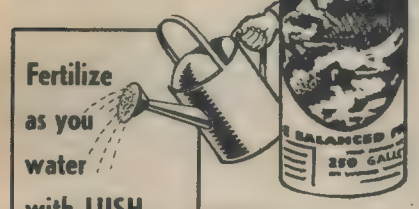

Completely soluble—cannot block rosé

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man from the home-made bungalow thought that he would have a crack at a stately home. He made a bid—and got it for £3,750. "I paid on the nail," he says proudly. "I had no bother at all persuading a local solicitor to raise a two-thousand pound loan for me. I had the rest in the bank."

Kirby and his wife and younger son John made the move from Briar Patch towards the end of December, 1954. Gerald remained in Bracknell because he was courting a local girl. She is now his wife. The bungalow was left standing empty, for sale at £1,700. Kirby arranged with a former neighbour to tend the garden and keep it spick-and-span.

He had seen in Framlands more than a gracious home for himself, his wife and family. It could be a source of income as well. Very quickly he had let some of the upper rooms to an American airman and his family from nearby Brize Norton.

Then came one of those snags so common in the life of Leslie Albert Kirby: trouble from the local council. An official informed him that it was proposed to build fourteen council houses in three-quarters of an acre of meadowland directly in front of the mansion.

"I soon told them what was what," Kirby grins happily. "I said to the man: 'My name is Kirby and I used to live in a bungalow named Briar Patch. I had no end of trouble with the authorities getting permission for that one little bungalow to be on a quarter of an acre of ground.

"Do you suppose I'm going to take it lying down when you propose to build fourteen houses on three-quarters of an acre, right in front of my house?' The council built seven."

A POWERFUL car seemed the obvious thing to go with his new home, so Kirby had one of those as well. "I was dead lucky over that," he admits. "I saw an advertisement in a Swindon paper that there was a Jaguar Mk VII, immaculately maintained, for sale for one thousand one hundred pounds. I called up the firm, but they said it was at their Reading branch. I went over there, but they said they had not yet taken delivery from the owner.

"The salesman mentioned the owner's name and, to my delight, it was an old friend from my past—Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. I telephoned him that very night and told him: 'I'll give you nine hundred pounds for it, Sir David, cash on the nail.' 'Done!' said Sir David. And so the car was mine."

There is a faraway look in Kirby's eye as he thinks back to that car. "You know, there's only one car for me and that's a Jag," he says. "I got a hundred and fifteen miles an hour out of that one on a stretch of road across the hills here."

Although he no longer has Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's car, Kirby often recalls happily his past associations with the great man. "I can tell you now, it was really intended that he should take my case," he confided. "But at the last minute I changed my mind and said, 'Sorry, Sir David, but I feel I want Mr. Selwyn Lloyd to do it.' I had discovered that the judge was to be Mr. Justice Jones, and I reckoned it would be better to have a Welshman talking to a Welshman.

"Also I considered that possibly Mr. Lloyd's quieter and more persuasive methods would be better suited to my particular case than the more attacking methods of Sir David. I told this all to Sir David, and he quite saw my point."

About this time Briar Patch was sold, for £1,100, to a retired couple who sought some rural peace and quiet. When they found that the fame of the little bungalow still brought sightseers from all over the world to look at it, they changed the name to Ingle Nook.

At about this time, too, Kirby discovered that there were various taxation and other snags which made his plan to rent off part of Framlands less attractive.

"I let one or two people know that I was wanting to sell the place, and very soon a major from Ascot came out and took a look at it," says Kirby. "I sold it to him for five thousand pounds. I was dead lucky."

After that the Kirby family moved into a spacious self-contained flat in Ferndale House, as the massive former workhouse in Ferndale Road, Faringdon, was now called. Still employed by solicitor Hamlin, Kirby worked from morning till night, and often far into the night, converting shabby old rooms into comfortable, modernly equipped flats.

Soon after the family was installed in Ferndale House, Kirby decided to become a racehorse owner. "I chose the Kirby racing colours," says Mrs. Kirby. "They are orange and chocolate; orange spots on a chocolate shirt, and an orange cap with chocolate peak. I found that you could see a Kirby horse quite clearly all the way round the course."

A woman tenant of one of the Faringdon flats was interested in Kirby's horse-racing aspirations. She offered money, and the Kirby stables acquired their first mount, a horse named King Stephen.

Although the horse achieved nothing sensational, it brought in a certain amount of place money. Kirby became more ambitious and bought and sold some more racehorses, at one time having three in his stables. But he was not lucky in his new rôle. "Although I won place money, and did not do badly betting, there was always the upkeep and training of the horses to pay for," he explains. "I could see it wasn't getting me anywhere and sold out."

During this time Kirby saw no reason why he should not enjoy racing in style. "So the wife and I went to Royal Ascot for four days," he recalls, adding as an afterthought: "Of course, we went in the Royal Enclosure all the time. It's very nice there, and we were among some nice people." He did not, he explains, have any horses running at that meeting. "But a high-placed friend got us the tickets, so we went along."

The former workhouse was now rapidly nearing completion as a block of Kirby-built flats, and Kirby was negotiating with solicitor Hamlin over its purchase. The price had started at £7,000, but eventually Kirby bought for £4,200.

"Mr. Hamlin was very fair indeed," he says. "He made it quite clear to me that the whole block was liable to be subject to a demolition order because the council did not consider it was in a good enough state of repair."

But Kirby felt that he knew as much as most men about council requirements. "I told Mr. Hamlin I was quite happy about the whole thing," he recalls. "Then I paid the necessary deposit, raised another loan and set to work to ensure that no officials could find anything at fault with the flats I was converting and furnishing."

Today the flats are all let, mainly to American airmen from Brize Norton and Greenham Common. And the council have issued a document stating officially that the building no longer faces demolition.

At the rear of the building, Kirby and his sons have built a row of garages which they let to the Americans. A section of the old workhouse which used to be the laundry is being converted into a launderette. A corner of it fronting on to the street Kirby is converting into a shop, which he will let. His sons, although both working in outside jobs, still help him a lot. Recently they have been doing steeplejacks' work up on the steep roof of the old building, fixing television aerials for the tenants.

Kirby says: "I have turned it into a company called Ferndale House Limited, and have sold half the shares. Now I am the resident managing director, with my wife also on the board, and am paid a salary for the job."

Kirby and his wife and son John now live in a ground-floor flat. Their sitting-room has been decorated in contemporary style and furnished with some handsome antiques that Kirby bought at local sales. "I like buying furniture," he says. "I have a pretty good eye for genuine antiques. We are getting together some really nice things here."

He has found that his Briar Patch days stand him in good stead. Because of the determined fight he made, people—particularly professional people—hold him in respect wherever he goes. "When I've wanted to borrow a couple of thousand or so to buy a property, for instance," he says, "I have found such people as bank managers and solicitors only too willing to help, despite these difficult times."

Most heartwarming of all such contacts, perhaps, was Kirby's encounter with the income-tax men soon after he crossed Berkshire from Bracknell to Wantage.

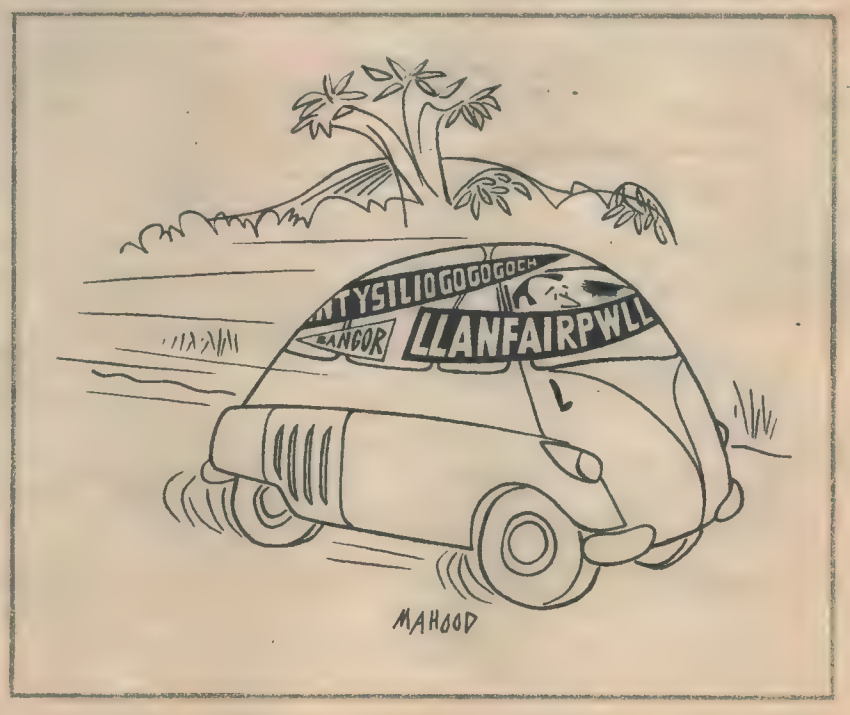
"Owing to the complicated nature of my more recent work they did not seem to be quite in the picture about me," he says. "I went along to see them at their offices, and happened to mention in conversation that I used to live at Briar Patch.

"The chief man took me round and introduced me to all the income-tax people in the office. I found them all most charming." THE END

WIVES—1

Try praising your wife, even if it does frighten her at first.

Billy Sunday



HORNBLOWER AND THE PIRATES

by C. S. FORESTER
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

There was only one way to fight a buccaneer band on shore—take the British Navy to them

Hornblower surveyed the pirate lair with his telescope. "Fire another shot," he ordered

REAR-ADMIRAL LORD HORNBLOWER had suffered a severe shock to his dignity. Together with Spendlove, his secretary, he had been captured by a ragged, desperate band of Jamaican pirates. But he was free again now—and calmly devising his revenge.

The pirates' scheme had failed badly. They had sent Hornblower to ask a governor's pardon for them, keeping Spendlove as hostage. But Spendlove escaped, making a spectacular leap from the pirates' lair—a ledge on a cliff face sixty feet up—into the shallow river that flowed below.

Now Hornblower was at the mouth of the river with a naval force, two punts and a mortar. The pirates' hideout was impregnable to direct assault. But Hornblower had a plan. . . .

PART THREE

Action In The Shallows

THE little river had a bar at its mouth, but the two punts carrying the mortar and the ammunition were floated in round it. For a mile there was even a track beside the water, and progress was rapid as the seamen dragged the punts along, while the vegetation closed in round them.

The shade was gratifying when they first entered it, but they found it breathless, damp, stifling, as they progressed farther in. Mosquitoes stung with venomous determination. Men slipped and fell on the treacherous mud banks, splashing prodigiously.

Then they reached the first stretch of shallows, where the river came bubbling down a long, perceptible slope between steep banks under the light filtering in through the trees.

Hornblower studied the grounded punts, the soil and the trees. This was what he had been thinking about; it was worth making the experiment before putting the men to the toil of carrying the mortar up by brute force.

He turned to Sefton, first-lieutenant of his flagship, Clorinda.

"We'll try a dam here, Mr. Sefton, if you please. Between those two rocks there, I think."

"Aye, aye, My Lord. Axe men! Pike men! Mallet men!"

The men were still in high spirits at the prospect of action; it called for exertion on the part of the petty officers to restrain their exuberance.

A line of pikes driven head downward where the soil was soft enough to receive them formed the first framework of the dam. Axe men felled small trees with a childish delight in destruction. Crowbar men levered at stumps and rocks. A small avalanche came tumbling down into the river bed. The water swirled about the trash; already there was sufficient obstruction to hold it. Hornblower saw the level rise before his very eyes.

"More rocks here!" roared Sefton.

"Keep your eyes on those punts, Mr. Sefton," said Hornblower—the clumsy craft were already afloat again.

Felled trees and rocks extended, heightened and strengthened the dam. There was water spouting through the interstices, but not as much as was being held back.

"Get the punts upstream," ordered Hornblower.

Four hundred willing hands had achieved much; the water was banked up sufficiently to

float the punts two-thirds of the way up the shallows.

"Another dam, I think, Mr. Sefton, if you please."

Already they had learned much about the construction of temporary dams. The stream bed was choked in a twinkling, it seemed. Splashing knee-deep in water, the men dragged the punts higher still. They grounded momentarily, but a final heave ran them over the last of the shallows into a reach where they floated with ease.

"Excellent, Mr. Sefton."

That was a clear gain of a quarter of a mile before the next shallows.

As the men were preparing to work on the next dam, the flat report of a musket shot came echoing back to them in the heated air, followed by half a dozen more; it was several minutes before Hornblower heard the explanation, from a breathless messenger.

"Captain Seymour reports, sir. We was fired on by somebody up there, sir. Saw him in the trees, sir, but he got away."

"Very well."

So the pirates had posted a lookout downstream. Now they knew that a force was advancing against them. Only time would show what they would do next.

Meanwhile the punts were afloat again and it was time to push on. The river curved back and forth, washing at the foot of vertical banks, preserving, for a time, miraculously, enough depth of water to float the punts at the expense of occasionally dragging them up slight rapids.

Now it began to seem to Hornblower as if he had spent days on this labour, in the blinding patches of sunlight and the dark stretches of shade, with the river swirling round his knees and his feet slipping on the rocks. At the next dam he was tempted to sit down.

He had hardly done so when another messenger arrived from the advance guard.

"Captain Seymour reporting, sir. He says to say the pirates have gone to ground, sir. They're in a cave, sir, right up in the cliff."

"How far ahead of here?"

"Oh, not so very far, sir."

Hornblower could have expected no better answer, he realized.

"They was shooting at us, sir," added the messenger.

That defined the distance better, for they had heard no firing for a long time; the pirates' lair must be farther than the sound could carry.

"Very well," said Hornblower. "Mr. Sefton, carry on, if you please. I'm going ahead. Come along, Gerard."

HORNBLOWER set himself to climb and scramble along the river bank. On his left hand, as he progressed, he noticed the bank was growing steeper and loftier.

Now it was really a cliff; another stretch of rapids at a corner and then he opened up a fresh vista.

There it was, just as he remembered it: the lofty, overhanging cliff with the waterfall tumbling down it to join the river at its foot, and the long, horizontal seam half-way up the cliff; open grassland with a few trees on his right, and even the little group of mules on the narrow stretch of grass between the cliff and the river.

Redcoated marines were strung out over the grassland, in a wide semi-circle whose centre was the cave.

Hornblower forgot his sweating fatigue and strode hastily forward to where he could see Seymour standing among his men gazing up at the cliff, Spendlove at his side. They came to meet him and saluted.

"There they are, My Lord," said Seymour. "They took a few shots at us when we arrived."

"Thank you, captain. How do you like the look of the place now, Spendlove?"

"As much as before, My Lord, but no more."

"Spendlove's Leap," said Hornblower. He was pressing forward along the river bank, staring upwards.

"Have a care, My Lord," said Spendlove, urgently.

A moment after he had spoken, something whistled sharply just above

Hornblower's head; a puff of smoke appeared over the parapet of the cave, and a sharp, ringing report came echoing from the cliff face. Then, made tiny by the distance, doll-like figures appeared over the parapet, waving their arms in defiance, and the yells they were uttering came faintly to the ears.

"Somebody has a rifle up there, My Lord," said Seymour.

"Indeed? Perhaps, then, it would be best to withdraw out of range before he can reload."

The incident had made little impression on Hornblower until that moment. Now he suddenly realized that the

WIVES—2

What a pity it is that nobody knows how to manage a wife but a bachelor.

George Colman

almost legendary career of the great Lord Hornblower might have been terminated then and there, that his future biographer might have had to deplore the ironic chance which, after so many pitched battles, brought him death at the hands of an obscure criminal in an unknown corner of a West Indian island.

He turned and walked away, the others at his side. He found he was holding his neck rigid, his muscles tense; it had been a long time since his life was last in danger. He strove to appear natural.

"Sefton will be up with the mortar before long," he said, after casting about in his mind for something natural to say; and he hoped it did not sound as unnatural to the others as it did to him.

"Yes, My Lord."

"Where shall we site it?" He swung round and looked about him, measuring ranges with his eye. "It had better be out of range of that rifle." His interest in what he was doing immediately erased the memory of his danger.

There came another puff of smoke from the parapet; another echoing report.

"Did anybody hear that bullet? No? Then we can assume we're out of rifle shot here."

"If you please, My Lord," asked Spendlove, "what range can you expect with a boat mortar?"

"The encyclopedic Spendlove displaying ignorance! Seven hundred yards with a one-pound charge of powder and a time of flight of fifteen seconds. But here we have to burst the shell sixty feet above the firing point. A nice problem in ballistics."

Hornblower spoke with perfect indifference, confident that nobody knew that at one o'clock that morning he had been studying those figures in the manual. "Those trees there will be useful when we come to sway the mortar up. And there's level ground within twenty feet of them. Excellent."

"Here they come, My Lord."

The first of the main body appeared round the distant corner of the cliff, hurrying along the river bank. As they took in the situation the men broke into a yell and a run, leaping and scrambling over the broken ground; Hornblower was reminded of hounds rushing up, clamouring at sight of their quarry at bay.

"Silence, there!" he roared. "You, midshipman, there, can't you keep your men under control? Mark their names for punishment, and I'll mention yours to Mr. Sefton."

Abashed, the seamen formed up quietly. Here came the punts, gliding like fate along the silent pool, towed by working parties scrambling along the bank.

"Orders, My Lord?" asked Sefton.

Hornblower glanced finally round the terrain before issuing them. The sun was long past its zenith as eager men clambered up the trees to fix the tackles; soon the mortar hung dangling from a stout limb while the mortar bed was hoisted out and settled in a smooth spot, the gunner fussing over it with a spirit level to make sure it was horizontal. Then, with violent manual labour, the mortar was swung over and finally heaved up into position, and the gunner drove the keys through the eye-bolts.

"Shall I open fire, My Lord?" asked Sefton.

Hornblower looked over at the distant seam in the face of the cliff across the river. The pirates there would be watching them. Had they recognized this squat object, inconsiderable in size, undistinguished in shape, which meant death to them? They might well not know what it was; they were probably peering over the parapet, trying to make out what it was that occupied the attention of so considerable a body of men.

"What's your elevation, gunner?"

"Sixty degrees, sir—My Lord."

"Try a shot with a fifteen-second fuse."

THE gunner went carefully through the process of loading, measuring the powder charge and wadding it down into the chamber, clearing the touch-hole with the priming iron and then filling it with fine grain powder from the horn. He took his bradawl and drove it carefully into the wooden stem of the fuse at the selected point—these were very new-fangled fuses, graduated with ink lines to mark the time of burning—and screwed it into the shell. He lowered the shell down upon the wad.

"Linstocks," he said.

Somebody had been chipping away with flint and steel to catch a spark upon the slow match. He transferred the glow to a second linstock which he handed to the gunner. The gunner, stooping, checked the pointing of the weapon.

"Fuse," he said. His assistant touched his linstock down, and the fuse spluttered. Then the gunner thrust his glowing match upon the touch-hole. There was a roar and a billow of powder smoke.

Standing far back from the mortar, Hornblower already had his face turned to the sky to track the shell in its flight.

Against that light blue there was nothing to be seen—no, there, at the height of the trajectory, there was a brief black streak which was instantly invisible again.

A further wait; an inevitable thought that the fuse had failed, and then a distant explosion and a fountain of smoke down at the base of the cliff somewhat to the right of the cave.

There was a groan from the watching seamen.

"Silence, there!" bellowed Sefton.

"Try again, gunner," said Hornblower.

The mortar was trained round a trifle on its bed. Its bore was sponged out and, when the charge had been put in, the gunner took a gill measure from his pocket and added a measure of powder to the charge.

He pierced the fuse again; lowered the shell into the bore, gave his final order and fired.

A wait; and then a bold puff of smoke hung in the air, seemingly right in line with the seam in the cliff. The wretched people there were watching their fate creeping up on them.

"Fuse a little short," said Hornblower.

"Range short, I fancy, My Lord," said the gunner.

At the next shot there was a cloud of dust and a small avalanche from the cliff face high above the seam, and instantly afterwards the burst of the shell on the ground at the near edge of the river where it had fallen.

"Better," said Hornblower. He had seen the principles of ranging with a mortar—a huge thirteen-inch one—at the siege of Riga nearly twenty years before.

Two more shots, both wasted—the shells exploded at the top of their

Challenge the Famous

In his answers to the six questions on wild life on page 22 Dr. Desmond Morris scored four points. He answered Questions 1 and 2 correctly, but guessed wrongly at Question 3. "Bald" is an old word meaning "streaked or marked with white." Hence, a bald-faced stag is a stag with a white blaze on its face.

He was right over Question 4, but was a long way out over the speed of the snail, which averages about a mile a fortnight—or .003 m.p.h. Dr. Morris's answer of one foot in sixteen seconds works out at .0426 m.p.h.—about fourteen times as much. He answered Question 6 correctly.

trajectory, high, high up. Apparently those new-fangled fuses were not quite reliable. But the pirates must now be fully aware of what the mortar implied.

"Give me that telescope, Gerard."

Hornblower trained the instrument on the seam in the face of the cliff. He could see every detail now, the rough stone parapet, the waterfall at one end, but he could see no sign of the garrison. They were back in the cave or crouching behind the parapet.

"Fire another shot."

Fifteen long seconds after the report. Then he saw fragments flying.

"Good shot!" he called, still watching. The shell must have fallen right into the cave.

But, as he uttered the words, a dark figure appeared at the parapet, the arms swinging together. He saw the tiny black disc of the shell against the background of rock curving downwards and then a burst of smoke. Somebody had seized the hot shell in his two hands and slung it over the parapet in the nick of time. A desperate deed.

"Pitch another shell there with a second's less fuse and it will be all over," he said; and then, "Wait."

Surely those helpless people must surrender and not stay to be massacred? What must he do to persuade them? He knew perfectly well.

"Send a white flag forward, My Lord?" asked Spendlove, voicing his thoughts.

"I was thinking about it," said Hornblower.

It would be a dangerous mission. If the pirates were determined not to surrender they would not respect a flag of truce and would fire on the bearer of it. There were a score of muskets and at least one rifle up there. Hornblower wanted neither to order somebody forward nor to ask for a volunteer.

"I'll do it, My Lord," said Spendlove. "They know me."

This was the price he had to pay, thought Hornblower, for his lofty position, for being an admiral. He had to order his friends to their death.

"Very well," said Hornblower.

A white shirt tied by the sleeves to a pike staff made a fair white flag. As Spendlove went forward with it, through the cordon of redcoated marines, Hornblower was tempted to call him back. It was only unconditional surrender that could be offered, after all.

He went as far as to open his mouth, but closed it again without saying the words he had in mind. Spendlove walked towards the river bank, stopping every few seconds to wave the flag. Through the telescope Hornblower could see nothing up in the cave.

Then he saw a flash of metal and a line of heads and shoulders over the parapet. A dozen muskets were taking aim at Spendlove. But Spendlove saw them, too, and halted, with a wave of his flag. There were long seconds of tension, and then Spendlove turned his back upon the muskets and began to retrace his steps.

As he did so there was a puff of smoke from the parapet; the rifleman had fired as soon as he had seen there was no chance of luring Spendlove within musket shot.

Spendlove came walking back, trailing the pike and the shirt.

"He missed me, My Lord," he said.

"Thank God," said Hornblower. "Gunner, fire."

Perhaps the wind had shifted a little or the powder was not consistent. The shell burst in the air just below the level of the cave—so that the fuse must have been efficient—but some considerable distance from the cliff.

"Fire again," said Hornblower.

There it was. A burst of smoke, a fountain of fragments, right in the cave. Horrible to think of what was happening there.

"Fire again."

Another burst right in the cave.

"Fire again. . . . No! Wait."

Figures were appearing on the parapet—there had been some survivors, then, from those two bursts. Two figures—tiny dolls in the field of the telescope—seemed to hang in the air as they leaped. The telescope followed them down. One struck water in a fountain of spray. The other fell on the rocky shore, broken and horrible.

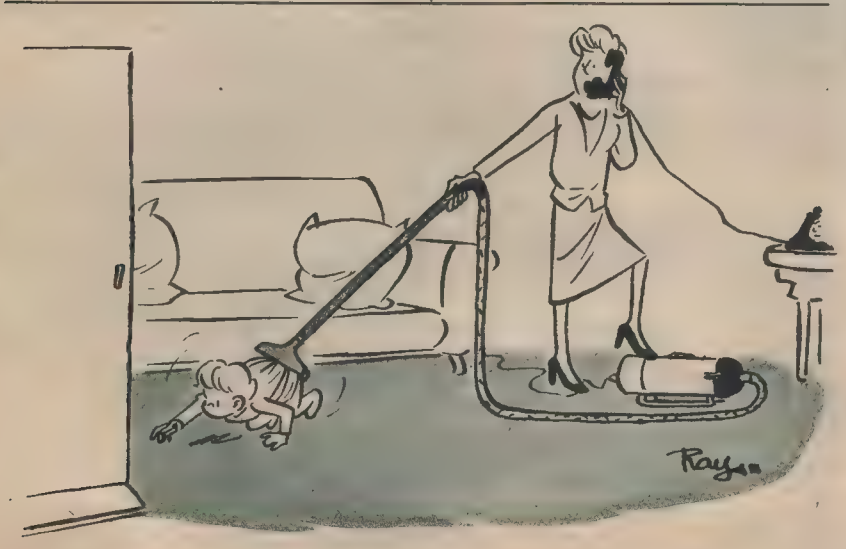
Hornblower raised the telescope again. There was the ladder, being thrown over from the parapet. There was a figure—and another figure—climbing down.

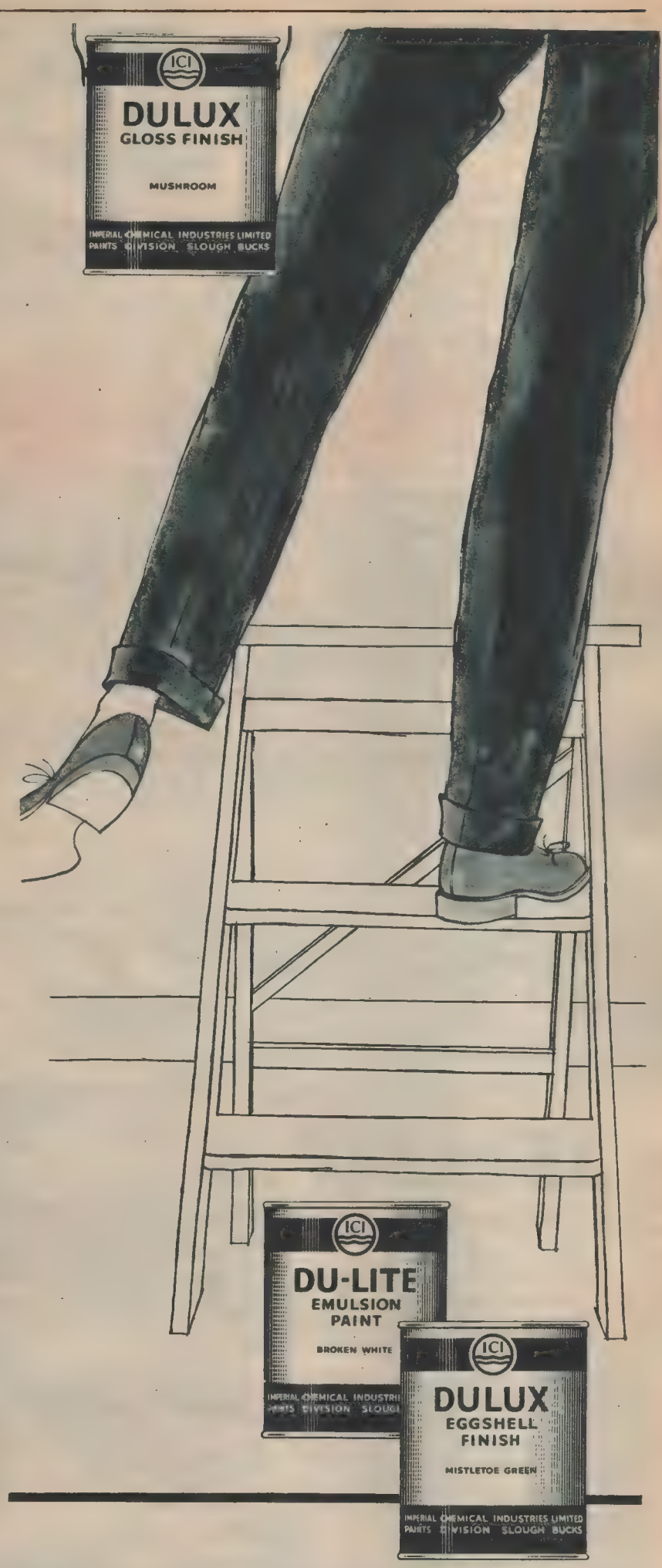
Hornblower shut the telescope with a snap.

"Captain Seymour! Send a party forward to secure the prisoners."

He did not have to see the horrors of the cave, the mutilated dead and the screaming wounded. He could see them in his mind's eye when Seymour made his report of what he found when he ascended the ladder.

It was done, finished. The wounded could be bandaged and carried down to the beach in litters to the death that awaited them, the unwounded driven along with them with their wrists bound. A courier could be sent off to the governor to say that the pirate





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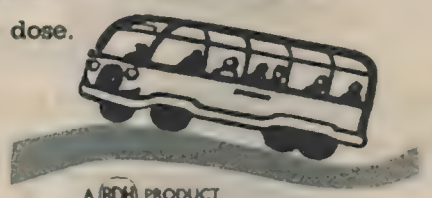

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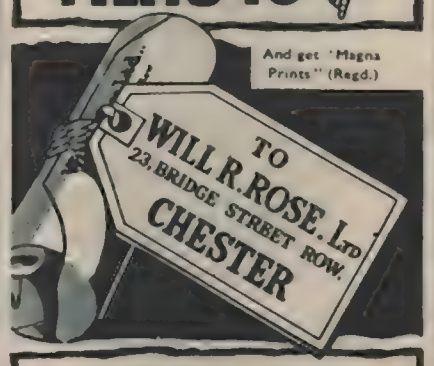

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horde had been wiped out, so that the patrols could be called in and the militia sent home.

Hornblower did not have to set eyes on the wretched people he had conquered. The excitement of the hunt was over. He had set himself a task to do, a problem to solve, just as he might work out a longitude from lunar observations; and he had succeeded.

But the measure of that success could be expressed in hangings, in dead and in wounded, in that shattered, broken-backed figure lying on the rocks, and he had undertaken the task merely on a point of pride, to re-establish his self-esteem after the indignity of being kidnapped.

It was no comfort to argue with himself—as he did—that what he had done would otherwise have been done by others, at great cost in disease and in economic disturbance. That only made him sneer at himself as a hair-splitting casuist. There were few occasions when Hornblower could do what was right in Hornblower's eyes.

Yet there was some cynical pleasure to be derived from his lofty rank, to be able to leave all this after curt orders to Sefton and Seymour to bring the landing party back to the shore with the least delay and the shortest exposure to the night air, to go back on board Clorinda and eat a comfortable dinner—even if it meant his captain's rather boring company—and to sleep in a comfortable bed. And it was pleasant to find that Captain Sir Thomas Fell had already dined, so that he could eat his dinner merely in the company of his flag-lieutenant and his secretary.

Nevertheless, there was one more unexpected crumpled petal in his rose-leaf bed, and he discovered it, contrariwise, as a result of what he intended to be a kindly action.

"I shall have to add a further line to my remarks about you to Their Lordships, Spendlove," he said. "It was a brave deed to go forward with that flag of truce."

"Thank you, My Lord," said Spendlove, who bent his gaze down on the tablecloth and drummed with his fingers before continuing in unusual nervousness. "Then perhaps Your Lordship will not be averse to putting in a word for me in another quarter?"

"Of course I will," replied Hornblower in all innocence. "Where?"

"Thank you, My Lord. It was with this in mind that I did the little you have been kind enough to approve of. I would be deeply grateful if Your Lordship would go to the trouble of speaking well of me to Miss Lucy."

Lucy! Hornblower had forgotten all about her. Indeed, he had no wish to remember how a young heiress of eighteen, of whom his secretary was desperately enamoured, had shown regrettable signs of infatuation for himself, an admiral, and old enough to be her father.

He quite failed to conceal his surprise, which was clearly apparent to Spendlove.

"We jested about a wealthy marriage, My Lord," said Spendlove. The elaborate care with which he was choosing his words proved how deep were his emotions. "I would not care if Miss Lucy had not a penny. My Lord, my affections are deeply engaged."

"She is a very charming young woman," said Hornblower, temporizing desperately.

"My Lord, I love her," burst out Spendlove, casting aside all restraint. "I love her dearly. At the ball I tried to interest her in myself, and I failed."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Hornblower.

"I could not but be aware of her admiration for you, My Lord. She spoke of Your Lordship repeatedly. I realized even then that one word from you would carry more weight than a long speech from me. If you would say that word, My Lord——"

"I'm sure you overestimate my influence," said Hornblower, choosing his words as carefully as Spendlove had done, but, he hoped, not as obviously. "But of course I will do all I can."

"There is no need for me to reiterate my gratitude, My Lord," said Spendlove.

This pleading creature, this poor love-lorn fellow was the Spendlove whose cool daring had risked a leap in the darkness down a sixty-foot precipice. Hornblower remembered Lucy's lips on his own hands, remembered how she had followed him on her knees across the floor.

The less he had to do with any of this the better, he decided. But the passion of a child hardly out of the schoolroom for a man of mature years was likely to be fleeting, transient, and the memory of her lost dignity would later be as painful to her as it was to him. She would find need to assert herself, to show him that he was not the only man in the world—and how could she demonstrate that more plainly than by marrying somebody else? Indeed, by marrying this excellent young man?

"If good wishes can help," he said, "you have all mine, Spendlove. . . ."

Even an admiral had to choose his words with care. Two days later he was announcing his immediate departure to the governor.

"I'm taking my squadron to sea in the morning, Your Excellency," he said.

"Aren't you going to stay for the hangings?" asked Hooper, in surprise.

"I fear not," answered Hornblower, and added an unnecessary explanation. "Hangings don't agree with me, Your Excellency."

It was not merely an unnecessary explanation; it was a foolish one, as he knew as soon as he saw the open astonishment on Hooper's face. Hooper could hardly have been more surprised at hearing that hangings did not agree with Hornblower than he would have been if he had heard that Hornblower did not agree with hangings. And that was very nearly as correct.

THE END

This story will be included in "Hornblower In The West Indies," to be published in the autumn by Michael Joseph. Price 15s.

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Yellow Yearnings

by NOEL SCOTT

It's yellow for me. Of all the spectrum's mixture
None can paint so nice a mental picture.
Primrose petals, luminous with spring,
And toast with butter mountains. Peaches bring
Their solace to my palate; tulips poise
With Ascot grace, their yellow hats. The noise
Of wasps, the brassy glare of tropic heat,
And gold's untarnished tint; laburnum's neat
Depending petit-point, and lemon rind,
Egg-custard, saffron, cheese—these come to mind
From yellow. Other colours in the spectrum—
You can have; I'll willingly neglect 'em!

How I plan to win the world title

Continued from page 13

Katie had gone off to Canada that weekend to visit her parents, so there was nothing to worry her.

Sometimes mechanical hoodoos can be beaten. Fangio has even come near to winning a major race with a broken front suspension. But with unpredictable incidents like that certain to affect *someone* in every race, any racing driver is careful about making forecasts.

The World Championship is awarded according to the best six performances of drivers in eleven classic races throughout this year. It is deliberately restricted to six so that there is the best chance of the best drivers winning.

Eight points are allotted for a win, six for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth, and a point for the driver doing the fastest lap. The races are Grands Prix in countries as remote as Argentina, Germany and Morocco, but there is one event of a different character — the high-speed Indianapolis 500-Miles Motor Sweepstake, with a first prize of £30,000.

In spite of that cash bait and the fact that Indianapolis is included in world championship racing, I have never driven in it. This is principally because I prefer to concentrate on races in Europe during the summer and the restricted periods stipulated for practice at Indianapolis would have cut too deeply into my racing calendar; also, it is a different type of race.

Juan Fangio allowed himself time to enter for it, though in the end he decided against it, and that is only one of many indications that Fangio (they call him *el Chueco*, Mr. Bowlegs, in Argentina) is not taking the championship too seriously.

He did, in fact, tell me personally at the Argentina Grand Prix, which I won at the beginning of this year's series, that he intended to ease out of the strain imposed by the modern crowded fixture list and drive only in those events he enjoyed most.

So, while Fangio as a driver is very much to be considered, and at forty-seven he is still undoubtedly in form, I tend to rate the possibles for this world championship among the drivers who will be contesting the bulk of the big events—though Fangio could spike all our guns by entering only six Grands Prix and doing superlatively well in each.

If I name my most dangerous rival I must mention not a man but a machine—the Ferrari motor-car, and any anxiety is not lessened by the fact that a combination of top drivers are racing it—Mike Hawthorne, Peter Collins and Luigi Musso.

Neither Mercedes nor Maserati are fielding works machines this year, but at the wheel of the BRM is a driver I have every respect for, the dashing Jean Behra.

My own hopes rest with the British Vanwall outfit. I have contracted to drive a Vanwall in all remaining championship events. If we can pull out our best I have a reasonable chance of winning. I was runner-up in the championship last year, and I don't think I deserved to do better with Fangio still driving full time. If he does ease up, the rest of us have to sort ourselves out into order.

Too few understand the value in national status and solid pounds sterling of winning a world championship. Except for Geoff Duke on Norton motor-cycles, Britain has hardly had a world champion of *anything* in the past few years.

I'm not forgetting the four-minute milers and Olympic athletes when I don't count individual amateurs. The success of a piece of British machinery in events which have a public following in South America and in Europe greater than any Cup Final here, means perhaps millions of pounds' worth of orders for Britain in commodities ranging from bicycles to power stations. If a British driver in a British car can gain prestige for our people as well as our products, so much the better.

"For goodness' sake, remember that wallpapering is *fun* these days!"

Not very long ago a friend of mine was in Buenos Aires after I had been racing there with Fangio. He told me that the only two Englishmen anyone wanted to talk to him about were Winston Churchill and Stirling Moss; and I was more popular than Sir Winston because the large section of the population which came of German stock was less unanimous about *him*.

I mention this story, not because of any delusions of grandeur, but to show the influence of motor sport in countries outside Britain.

Think of the kick given to British production by the great Jaguar successes at Le Mans. As a driver I am inclined to consider the 24-Hours Sports Cars Endurance on the Le Sarthe circuit a combination of the dangerous and the boring.

But as I droned round the track in that long summer evening of 1953, into the night and out into another day, at an average speed of well over 100 m.p.h., I knew that the team was doing something worth while for Britain.

The Ferrari stable had instructions to make the pace so hot that our engines would blow up. In the event, the unprecedented speed we were able to keep up cracked the Ferraris. Jags finished first, second and fourth. Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton in the winning car covered 2,540 miles in the day at an average speed of 105.86 m.p.h.

Through France in the week of that Coronation victory the success of the British team was given recognition as prominent as the British conquest of Everest. Material gains followed in every world market, and believe me they were not confined to Jaguars.

Every race in the present series has its special problems, demanding fresh, detailed consideration from the driver and the organization behind him.

When I sit at the starting grid at Monza, for instance, where the Italian Grand Prix is run, waiting for the flag, willing myself to relax amid the roar of engines and the hoot of the klaxon counting down the last five minutes, my car will differ in a number of essentials from the one I drove in the Monaco Grand Prix in Monte Carlo.

Different circuits need radical changes in the axle ratio, fuel load, tyre pressure and even suspension. At Monte Carlo, the race of a thousand street corners, where the cars flash through the narrow streets, up fierce hills and round the punishing hairpins of the town, the top possible speed may be reckoned at 125 m.p.h. and the lap speed is only well over half that, and the car is geared to give its best within that range.

But at Monza there is a fast four-mile circuit with five turns but long stretches of straight that can bring a car to 170 m.p.h. A "Monte" gear ratio would be useless on this track.

The straights at Monza give ideal opportunities for the tactic known as slip-streaming, a very effective but rather dangerous method of using some of the speed made by a fast car to rest your own engine. I learned the value of getting a tow like this several years ago at Monza when, driving a comparatively low-powered HWM, I travelled the best part of a hundred miles tucked in from four to six feet behind Gigi Villoresi in a Ferrari. I put my maximum speed up by a dozen miles an hour, and snipped five seconds off my lap times.

Skill on the corners is the decisive factor in motor racing. It is there that, given equally matched machines, a man can show personal supremacy.

I rate corners in three groups: the kind that can be taken flat out at over 140 m.p.h. by following the straightest and fastest line through them; corners of up to 140 m.p.h. best taken by the four-wheel drift; and slow corners where a driver may have to brake to 70 m.p.h. or less, forcing a slide which brings the car round fast, at some cost to the tyres.

I did not invent the four-wheel drift —the art of moving the whole car, not just the back wheels, sideways across the track with all four wheels dead straight and lined up to get away out of the corner and down the straight on full power after the shortest possible interval.

But every corner has its own characteristics, and the way to take each must be learned or revised in the two practice days usually devoted to a track before each meeting.

Practice is in a sense more dangerous than actual racing. A driver is not only testing ideas and modifications, and striving for the top-speed lap which gives him the coveted front line position on the starting grid. He is pushing himself nearer and nearer to the limit of human and mechanical endurance on any one hazard.

One finds out what machinery can do by straining it on a testing bench until it breaks up. That cannot be done with a man in the machine, for though he must be as near to his peak as possible, he must always be on the under side of it. In my business, if I push myself past my own limit I crash. It is generally too late in the "blood wagon," as we call the ambulance, to work out how I should have rectified a manoeuvre.

I have been frightened quite often in my twelve years on the tracks and I freely admit it. I have, after all, been in dozens of "shunts"—racing drivers' slang for crashes—and it is after a shunt that one feels most shaky about the next time.

If a man has hit oil and gone off the track out of control, he wonders: *Will there be another oil patch on this lap, or the next, or fifty laps from now?* If he has crashed at a corner in practice he tends to give that corner too much respect. The only effective way out of that feeling is to go faster until he is back at his normal working limit.

My most frightening experience in recent years was my introduction to real speed when I set up five class records in a 1½-litre MG at around 245 m.p.h. Even to cruise over the salt flats at Utah is like driving at 100 m.p.h. on an ice rink. On my first run, with no experience of the conditions, I was sure I was going to kill myself.

But even as I was roaring towards the front marker of the measured mile I was reasoning: This panic is all due to a lack of understanding of the conditions. Anyway, I can't very well give in and brake.

I still think record breaking is a pretty dicy business. But I have agreed to stand in for Donald Campbell if he is not available when his car is ready in 1959 or so.

Motor racing is a dangerous sport—a phrase that has become hackneyed from the precaution printed on every entrance ticket. But the fear of death does not haunt me. *Fear* itself I welcome, because it is a sort of sixth sense.

Without it I might drive like a fool. With it I am aware how near I am to the limit of my performance.

Sometimes I find it hard to remain relaxed during a race. The muscles of my neck get tight and my fingers feel cramped on the wheel.

Apart from anything else, this tension makes for bad driving and it is often only the stab of alarm I get as I take a corner too near my limit that warns me deliberately to relax.

My marriage has affected my driving only for the better. Katie, my wife, gives me mental support which I find essential *before* a race. In the two days of practice I confess I sometimes need careful handling.

One can get depressed by bad runs, or worried about mechanical adjustments, and in the inactive evenings after practice days I am probably most trying as a person. Katie keeps me in top form until the flag drops and then I am on my own.

Once the race is on, my hands and mind are full. I am aware of the mood of the crowds massed around the track and enjoy their interests. Drivers are, after all, performers. We put on a spectacle and the crowd makes an enormous difference to us.

Motor racing is the only trade I have ever known. I was branded with its mark as a boy, when in my excitement I leaned on a light car that had just finished a race, and burned my belly on its exhaust. My life is bound up with a very competitive sport whose results defy prediction, depending as they do on the corporate efforts of designers, drivers and team organizations. Whatever the outcome of this world championship, I know that I myself will get tremendous exhilaration out of it. THE END

WIVES—3

A wise woman will always let her husband have her way.

R. B. Sheridan

The tough at the top

Continued from page 8

up and down, laughing and thumping Bulganin on the back.

Khruschev has been equally clever in consolidating his power at home. He knows that the bureaucrats and technicians who form the real ruling-classes in Russia now enjoy personal privileges and material prosperity hitherto undreamed of. To safeguard these, they would fiercely oppose a return to Stalinism with its arbitrary rule and its purges.

A descendant of Cossacks, Khruschev was born in the tiny Ukraine village of Kalinovka in 1894.

When the Bolshevik revolution of November, 1917, broke out, he was elected to a local Soviet. After service in the Red Guards, he joined the Communist Party and enrolled in a workers' educational course to study agriculture.

It was the time of the Stalin-Trotsky controversy. Almost alone of the students, Khruschev took the Stalin line and so attracted the attention of Kaganovitch, who had been appointed by Stalin to root out Trotskyism in the Ukraine.

In 1930, when he followed Kaganovitch to Moscow, he soon got to know the party leaders. He played bridge with Molotov and his appointment as a district secretary was signed by Stalin himself. When the rightists in the Politbureau blocked Stalin's plans for a great purge, he asked Kaganovitch to name reliable replacements. Kaganovitch suggested Khruschev.

Shortly afterwards, Stalin sent him to the Northern Caucasus. Sheboldayev, the head of the local government, had been accused of corresponding with an oppositionist and Khruschev had to "clarify" the matter.

Within a week, he had obtained a full confession and the two of them returned to Moscow on the same train: Khruschev to be awarded the Order of Lenin; Sheboldayev to be executed in the cellars of Lyubyanka prison.

Thoroughly satisfied with his pupil, Stalin sent Khruschev back to the Ukraine to carry through the Great Purge.

His first act was to call a meeting of the central committee, which consisted of more than a hundred members, including all the leaders of the Ukrainian government.

As they arrived, they noticed that the premises were surrounded by a detachment of secret police which Khruschev had brought down from Moscow under the command of Colonel Serov (now chief of Soviet security).

Lyubtchenko, the president of the council, took fright. Ordering his chauffeur to reverse, he escaped in a hail of bullets. Closely pursued, he barricaded himself in his own home and fought a gun duel with Serov's men.

After four hours, there were no more shots from the house. When the secret police forced their way in, they found Lyubtchenko and his wife had killed themselves with their last cartridges.

Meanwhile the meeting of the central committee was proceeding as planned. After Khruschev had secured their unanimous support for a motion condemning the "chauvinistic deviation" of Lyubtchenko and demanding that his fellow conspirators be punished, he called the secret police into the room.

He then produced a green dossier and took out a list. As each name was read out, secret police led the man away. At a single blow, Khruschev had almost completely wiped out the Ukrainian government. In the years that followed, he sent thousands more party members to death or exile.

The manoeuvres by which Khruschev ousted the rest of his rivals after the death of Stalin were extremely complicated and even now are not fully understood.

Like all Soviet leaders, he keeps his wife, Nina, strictly in the background. Now a flat-faced, motherly looking woman in her late fifties, she has untidy grey hair and wears unflattering dresses. At official receptions she sometimes chats with minor guests but is never at her husband's side.

Her main function is to run their various residences: a six-roomed luxury flat decorated in a heavy Victorian style, a twelve-roomed villa thirty miles outside Moscow and a holiday villa on the Black Sea, ten miles south of Yalta in the Crimea.

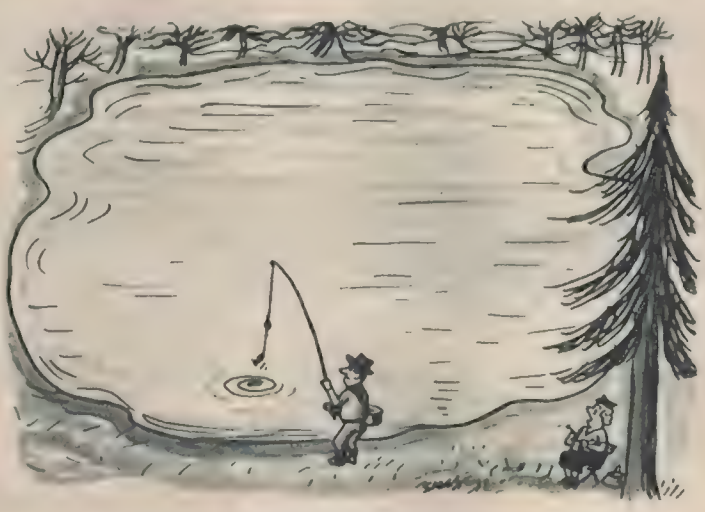
She has also helped to build Khruschev's career. Since they first met in 1922 when they were both studying agriculture at Kharkov, she has urged him to take every opportunity of educating himself and has made timely friendships with the wives of Stalin, Molotov, Malenkov and Bulganin. She has also encouraged their son Sergei to study aircraft engineering. (They also have two daughters, Nadia, thirty, and Rada, nineteen.)

Apart from drinking, Khruschev has few outside interests. Even when he pays official visits to the Bolshoi Theatre, he slips out after the first act. His preoccupation at all times is the maintenance of his personal power and the greater glory of Russia.

He is extremely confident about the future. "We do not want to continue the arms race," he recently told an American visitor. "We have already won. Your cities and bases could be stricken from the face of the earth."

For Khruschev, the next stage is competitive co-existence and already Russia is competing fiercely. Last year, she built the world's biggest nuclear accelerator, opened the world's biggest hydro-electric station, developed the world's biggest new oilfield.

Khruschev recently summed up his hopes for Russia thus: "This programme is stronger than the H-bomb. If we catch up with the U.S., we will have hit capitalism with the most powerful torpedo yet." THE END



"Think of the odds against such a tiny fish finding your scrap of bait in a place that size"

The famous cases of SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS · 5

Klaus Fuchs (left) at a Harwell discussion with Sir John Cockcroft (right). Fuchs gave Russia our atom bomb secrets

Laughter in court— and a trial that stunned Britain

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

Sidney Stanley was a comic spiv, who moved ahead of the law. Fuchs, the spy, fell into a trap—too late

After selling his story to a newspaper Sidney Stanley gave a party. Wanted by the police, he fled to Tel Aviv

ONE day in 1951, when Sir Hartley Shawcross was President of the Board of Trade, he received a letter postmarked Tel Aviv. It was at a time when Britain was in dispute with the Argentine about the price of imported beef.

His correspondent from Israel wrote to Sir Hartley in the most cordial terms to reassure him that he, the writer, and his powerful business associates in Israel, would be scrupulously careful to do nothing that could embarrass His Majesty's Government in its delicate negotiations with President Péron.

It was the sort of letter, perhaps, which Ministers are glad to receive. But Sir Hartley, put it aside with a smile. The letter was signed Sidney Stanley.

Sir Hartley had no difficulty in remembering Sidney Stanley. There could have been few people in Britain who did not remember him; and more than a few might have secretly wished that he, or someone like him, could reappear among us. He was a disgraceful character, a most unethical person, whose operations brought social and professional ruin on some and heavy financial loss on others. But he made all Britain laugh, and the laughter was none the less hilarious for being tinged with that salty satisfaction we feel when our own corruptions are exposed to the light of day.

There was not a great deal to laugh about in Britain three years after the war. We needed distraction, some universal joke in which we all could share. And, fortuitously, just as winter was coming on, the power that decides these things rubbed the magic lamp and hop! out came as exotic a genie as ever waited on command. He was disguised as Solomon Koszychi — Rechtand — Wulkan — Stanley, contact man, bankrupt, comedian and spiv.

The public first heard of Stanley when the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, announced in the Commons in October that a tribunal was to be set up to inquire into allegations of irregularities affecting certain ministers of the Crown.

There were four allegations. Briefly, it was alleged that certain officials of the Board of Trade might have been bribed to obtain permits and licences for controlled goods in favour of certain firms and individuals. "Certain individuals figure in some, but not others, of the allegations," the Prime Minister said, "but they all centre on the activities of a certain alien."

It was this "certain alien" who opened to a fascinated public the strange, cheque-cluttered world of super spivery. This was, to tell the truth, not an unfamiliar world in kind. The spiv, in 1948, was very much alive.

Mr. Stanley's world was cineramic in degree, the apotheosis of spivery. A world where cheques for tens of thousands of pounds were exchanged as airily as cigarettes; where bankrupts lived in Park Lane, gave champagne parties with private cabarets and talked casually with government departments. A world of factories sold at the drop of a hat and companies floated as easily as breathing.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, as Attorney-General, was already aware of the existence of the "certain alien," and Scotland Yard had been aware before him. The Yard stumbled on the fact that rumours were abroad of money being obtained from a firm of football pool promoters and used to influence the course of action of the Board of Trade. The name of a parliamentary secretary was mentioned. The matter was serious enough to be reported to the

Attorney-General, and by him to the Lord Chancellor, who ordered a full inquiry. Its result led to the setting up of the public tribunal—only the third of its kind since the Act authorizing such inquisitions was passed in 1921.

The mass of evidence piled up by the police made a foot-high volume of paper, and it was not until November 15 that the tribunal opened at Church House, Westminster. Its chairman was Sir Hartley's old friend from the northern circuit, Mr. Justice Lynskey, who was assisted by two King's Counsel as members.

There were, among the persons summoned for examination, a director of the Bank of England, Mr. George Gibson; a parliamentary private secretary, Mr. John Belcher; a privy counsellor, Mr. Glenvil Hall, and several gentlemen more or less well known to the public and the business world.

There was also, naturally, Mr. Sidney Stanley, a stateless person around whom, in Sir Hartley's word, "the whole tangled web which the tribunal would have to unravel seemed to have been spun"—a phrase which led the press to christen Mr. Stanley "The Spider of Park Lane."

"My learned friends and I," said Sir Hartley, "will under the direction of the tribunal do all that lies in our power to assist the tribunal in eliciting the truth." This dignified announcement was taken to mean, by one paper, that the Attorney-General was "going to be ruthless." And that, as it turned out, was exactly what he was, though he was always perfectly fair.

It was indeed a tangled web to be unravelled. Barristers, and others, who could appreciate the difficulties, were astonished by Sir Hartley's effortless ability to separate the threads. Mr. Stanley, who should know, said afterwards that "Sir Shawcross was magnificent. I'm proud of him."

ALMOST the whole of the first day was taken up with Sir Hartley's exposition of how and when the allegations of bribery and improper practices against certain people came about. Sidney Stanley's name, like the theme in a concerto, was mentioned very early in the proceedings. He had offered cigars, but also the directorship in a big firm of furriers, to a director of the Bank of England. He gave a birthday party for a parliamentary secretary (for some reason there was only one candle on the cake) which cost £89. He had wanted to have a Savile Row suit made for the Minister of Works, Mr. Charles Key.

Here Mr. Russel Vick, one of the tribunal's members, asked scrupulously if there had been any coupons. But clothing coupons, to use one of Mr. Stanley's favourite expressions, were less than "chicken feed."

It could be appreciated that Mr. Stanley could ignore coupons, for on the same day the tribunal heard of him dallying with a licence to import £186,000 worth of steel.

On the third day the picture of Mr. Stanley darkened. A witness told how he had telephoned a Mr. Francis Price and given him Mr. Stanley's name about a matter involving a mere £10,000, and this Mr. Price asked anxiously, "Is he a Pole?" and subsequently added that he knew him very well. "I'm afraid," said the witness, "that the tribute he gave Mr. Stanley was not a very nice one. He said he was the biggest villain unhung." (Laughter.)

So he might have been to Mr. Price; but here was Mr. Harry Sherman, of Sherman's Pools, to whom Mr. Stanley, when he first met him, must have appeared like an angel from heaven. Mr. Sherman thought he was being vilely treated by the niggardly allowance of paper the government was allowing him for his coupons.

Not to worry, Mr. Stanley told him; he knew Mr. Belcher of the Board of Trade, who was, if he so wished, in a position to put this injustice right. Mr. Sherman was delighted, but he nearly fell down dead when Mr. Stanley, to his question: "I suppose you are not doing this for nothing?" answered generously that there was no question of money at all.

But, alas, there was. For while Mr. Stanley was trying to persuade his friend at the Board of Trade to look with a kindly eye on Mr. Sherman's paper allocation, Mr. Stanley borrowed £12,000 from Mr. Sherman. On security, of course. Mr. Stanley showed him a cheque for £27,000 drawn on a firm called Lass and Co.; he also gave him two of his own cheques, postdated, for the sum of £12,000 as additional security.

This bemusing chequemanship had the heads of some of the audience in Church House reeling; but not the Attorney-General's.

Sir Hartley: "You were very well secured, or so you thought?"

Mr. Sherman: "Yes, so I thought."

"Thirty-nine thousand pounds for twelve thousand pounds."—"Yes."

But poor Mr. Sherman, so worried about his paper allowance, was not well secured, or even secured at all. On putting in the three cheques he was pained to find that they all came back. Worse, the big one for £27,000 had not only been stolen, but forged. The other two, from Mr. Stanley, had merely been dishonoured.

The Attorney-General was naturally curious to know how Mr. Sherman had dealt with Mr. Stanley for this perfidy. In the event it was a case of Mr. Stanley dealing with Mr. Sherman.

Sir Hartley: "When the cheque for twenty-seven thousand pounds came back did Mr. Stanley make any proposal as to how it should be dealt with?"

Yes, Mr. Stanley did make a proposal. "What was it?"

Mr. Sherman replied with tragic dignity: "He told me to destroy it." (Laughter.)

But Sir Hartley was not satisfied about the cheques. It had been suggested that Mr. Stanley was using Mr. Sherman's £12,000 to sweeten his friends at the Board of Trade, helping them on their way to bring about a relaxation of the restrictions of Mr. Sherman's paper allowance. And it was also suggested that Mr. Sherman knew this and, indeed, had lent the money for that very purpose.

Why, Sir Hartley asked Mr. Sherman, lend all that money to a man whose trustworthiness was doubtful. "Why lend him that money, if, indeed, you lent him a penny piece?"

"Is it not clear that I lent him that money?"

"It is not clear to me, Mr. Sherman, and I am asking you questions about it. When the cheques were dishonoured why did you not go to the

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Soon the small nations may have the Atom bomb—and any power-drunk dictator will be able to hold the world to ransom. In a challenging article, Richard Scott says that Britain has a chance to persuade the world to ban the bomb. But only Britain can take this lead . . . and there's not much time left.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

police?" — "Perhaps I should have done. No doubt that would have been the right course, but I did not want all the unsavoury publicity that I knew would ensue."

"Or was it that you thought that Mr. Belcher [at the Board of Trade] would do something to stop the unsavoury publicity and alter your paper allocation?"—"Not at all, there is not the slightest foundation for that."

"So that twelve thousand pounds, which was a loan, has not been repaid and you have made no arrangements to get it. You would never have asked for it if your paper allocation had been granted to you?"—"I certainly would. It was a loan and why should I not be repaid?"

But the Attorney-General would not let go. "Stanley says it was paid for his influence, or what he says was his influence, with government departments."—"That is untrue."

"Is it not the truth that you were paying Stanley to act as a contact man for you?"—"Not at all."

Contact man: the word was out. Everybody in Church House—and all over the country, for by official computation the tribunal was "rating" a quarter of all Fleet Street's space—now knew what Mr. Stanley was. As to who he was, they had to swallow their curiosity until the thirteenth day of the hearing, December 2.

This date coincided with the beginning of a most strenuous week for Sir Hartley, but which was typical enough of the life he was leading at this time. When the tribunal suspended its sitting at 4.30 p.m. on December 3 he went straight to the Law Courts and attended to some business there; snatched a cup of tea and packed a bag at his flat in Dolphin Square, drove to London Airport and was airborne for Holland at six o'clock.

The next day he discussed Britain's case in the Corfu channel dispute in the International Court of Justice at the Hague, flew to Paris the same night and was speaking in the General Assembly of the United Nations the following morning.

On December 5 he returned to London to study the tribunal papers and was on his feet to confront Mr. Stanley twelve hours later. For all the strain he showed, he might have spent the weekend lazing on his yacht.

Although he did not take the stand till the thirteenth day of the trial, Mr. Stanley looked anything but an unlucky contact man. In his couponless Savile Row suit, he gave an impression of impermeable prosperity.

He told Sir Hartley that he was forty-seven, came to Stoke Newington when he was thirteen, and, while not knowing what name he was given at birth, had been known for twenty years as Stanley. He lived in one of London's most expensive flats, No. 4 Alford House, Park Lane.

Financially, his life was somewhat confusing. He was an undischarged bankrupt, had had accounts at six London banks but, he said virtuously, had paid income tax in 1942. Mr. S. had always been in the clothing trade, and in a big way.

Why, at the beginning of the war, on behalf of a firm called Wallace and Co., he had been to see Lord Woolton at the Ministry of Supply. Lord Woolton was very much in need of greatcoats for the army, and the Ministry of Supply welcomed Mr. Stanley. They wrote to him at once, saying that his lordship had given instructions to issue contracts to "his" firms.

Sir Hartley saw the light immediately. "That," he asked, "was your typical technique, wasn't it? To attempt to sell goods to a purchaser, find out whether he could purchase them, and then go round and find someone who could produce them?"

"Oh, my God, no!" said Mr. Stanley, shocked.

Nevertheless, it was as a kind of "commission agent, promoting contracts," that Mr. S. somehow got through the war. But in 1945 he went back to his old love, the clothing trade. "I wanted," he explained, "to go back

". . . and if you don't give me a rise I'll tell everybody that you did"

to start selling dresses, but I did not get a chance to do so. So instead I started to try and buy and sell departmental stores to begin with."

Sir Hartley was as startled by the brutal transition as anyone else. "You changed from selling dresses to selling departmental stores?" he asked in genuine wonder.

Mr. Stanley was piqued. "I was never interested in selling ten or twenty dresses," he said haughtily. "I sold *thousands*." (Laughter.)

Whether he sold thousands or merely dozens of departmental stores was not divulged, for the next thing Sir Hartley extracted from Mr. S. was a discussion he had with a director of the Bank of England—Mr. Gibson of the cigars—and a group of M.P.s on how they could best combat what Mr. Stanley called "Enemy number one—Communism." Over a pleasant dinner at the Garrick Hotel there was talk of forming an organization for this purpose.

"We discussed how we could go to work," said Mr. Stanley. "I said: 'Your talk is very cheap; why don't you do something about it?' They said they had no money and I said, 'I can get you all the money in the world you want to fight Communism.'" (Laughter.)

Mr. Stanley did not get all the money in the world, but he got some. Enough to start a paper called *Freedom First* at the behest of an organization known as "Freedom and Democracy." The paper appeared every six weeks and sold up to 20,000 copies.

It was on the subject of *Freedom First* that a note of sadness tinged Mr. Stanley's robust testimony. Sir Hartley asked him if the paper still appeared every six weeks. He said he believed so, but did not know. "Since my name has been so prominent in the papers," he grumbled, "everybody keeps away from me."

But everybody did not keep away from him in the piping days of 1946; quite the contrary. Mr. Stanley, so he said, got on famously with his Bank of England director and parliamentary friends. These he introduced to many gentlemen well known in commerce. One gentleman, indeed, had a turnover of £60 million in import and export transactions.

Sir Hartley leaned forward: "I do not put this offensively, but would you regard yourself as properly described as a contact man?"—"Never."

"But you did make a lot of contacts?"—"I was very sorry for them. I had no change out of it. What did I make out of it?"

Sir Hartley thought he knew. "You have had a turnover of sixty thousand pounds in your bank account in less than the whole of this year?"—"Yes, but thirty-five thousand pounds came from the Greyhound Racing Association in which I used to change cheques."

"Grave charges," in the chairman's phrase, were brought against Mr. S.; but he showed resilience, bouncing back with an almost audible "ping" when one of the Attorney-General's more telling questions sent him rocking on his heels.

Occasionally he hit back shrewdly, provoking the thoughtful pursing of the lips which must do duty for a smile when Sir Hartley is cross-examining.

It was a question of offering Mr. Gibson—who did not think of accepting it—a very generous reward if he could render a certain service.

Sir Hartley: "Did you think it a proper thing to make that kind of offer to a person who held an official position and could exercise great influence in the very matter of the company in which you were offering him a directorship?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Stanley with a grin. "Are there not plenty of Bank of England directors on other companies?"

And again, later, concerning his polyglot nomenclature: "How many names have you used in this country?"—"As far as you are concerned seven; as far as I am concerned two."

Then, turning to the chairman: "My Lord, the Attorney-General gives me a hundred names."

On December 7, when he had been fifteen hours on the stand, Mr. Stanley stepped down after a courteous bow to the chairman and another, faintly ironical to the Attorney-General.

What had the little man, as the nigger in the woodpile, proved about corruption in high places? Very little indeed. He could never, needless to say, "have brought the government down" as he is alleged to have boasted. But he achieved the resignation of Mr. Belcher, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and that of Mr. Gibson from his post as director of the Bank of England.

Yet, in general, Mr. Stanley's gifts of cigars, gold cigarette cases and bottles of whisky, no less than his "contact work," brought discredit on nobody but himself.

Sir Hartley's final address on December 20 lasted seven and a half hours—a brilliantly condensed recapitulation of more than a fortnight of confusing and sometimes deliberately misleading testimony.

It had not, in his own phrase, been a particularly pleasant or easy task.

The tribunal, when the findings were published, found that there was nothing to show that ministers or public servants had been bribed, nor was there any evidence that civil servants had strayed from the path of duty.

When it was all over there was much shaking of hands. Mr. Stanley wished to congratulate "Sir Shawcross," but the Attorney-General managed to avoid this. Still, a good loser, the "Spider of Park Lane" was heard to say: "That was a fine speech, Sir Hartley, thank you. I have been a fool and admit it."

He was not quite so much of a fool later. Britain, in spite of Mr. Stanley's goings on, had urgent reasons for wishing him to stay a little longer with us; for action was impending against him under the Aliens, Revenue and Bankruptcy Acts. He sold his life story for the "chicken feed" of £10,000 to a Sunday newspaper, and that at least managed to keep the Official Receiver quiet. But on the whole, dearly as he professed to love Britain, he found it a little oppressive, for he was still under the surveillance of the police. Neither Poland, which said he was not a Pole, nor America wanted him.

In the spring he thought the time had come for his best trick of all. One morning in April he failed to report to the police and on May 8 he arrived in Haifa, en route for Tel Aviv—after all, a contact man has his friends. The next day the Attorney-General received a telegram: "Please inform House that the parachute dropped me by mistake over Tel Aviv. Am inviting you to be my guest in Tel Aviv with no strings attached."

The Attorney-General's sure handling of the Lynskey Tribunal becomes the more admirable when it is remembered that he was, simultaneously, dealing with a far graver case, a case which had all the dramatic quality of a trial for murder and which was, in fact, exactly that—but murder with international issues.

On October 22, 1946, the First Cruiser Squadron and four destroyers of the Mediterranean Fleet were on passage between the island of Corfu and the mainland, close to the Greek—Albanian border. The units were in the middle of the "swept" and authorized channel, which was a mile wide. The cruiser Mauritius was leading with, close astern, the destroyer Saumarez. Behind them was the cruiser Leander, which was leading another destroyer, the Volage.

At about 1.30 p.m. there was an explosion in the Saumarez and the ship was seen to be on fire forward. The Volage was ordered to tow the crippled Saumarez back to Corfu and it was while the tow was in progress that, four hours later, the Volage herself suffered an explosion that blew her bows off. Both ships, although crippled, managed to reach the port. Forty-four sailors were killed and forty-two injured.

Britain sent a strongly worded protest to the Albanian Government and made an appeal to the United Nations Security Council. Eventually, after a delay of two years—caused mainly by the Russian veto—the case came before the International Court of Justice.

It was by far the most serious case which has ever been brought before a world court. The issue was an alleged act of violence involving three nations and having political implications even more far reaching. It was known that Britain was going to be quite uncompromising, and some of the best legal

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WIVES—4

Every man who is high up loves to think he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that.

J. M. Barrie

brains in the world assembled at the Hague.

Sir Hartley, as Attorney-General, was leading for the government, assisted by Sir Eric Beckett of the Foreign Office and by Professor Waldock, a professor of international law. Albania was to be represented by the eminent French lawyer, M. Pierre Cot.

The court, which consisted of sixteen judges of various nationalities, had to decide two questions; one was whether or not Albania was responsible for the explosions, which were caused by mines; the other was: did the United Kingdom violate international law by the acts of its naval units in Albanian waters?

Albania held that the passage of the British ships on October 22 was not an innocent one. It was, said the Albanian Government, made as a political mission, its object was to "intimidate." This His Majesty's Government denied, saying that the passage was an innocent one both in its principles—which were to affirm the right to navigate in the Corfu Straits—and its practice.

At the first hearing on November 9, 1948, Sir Hartley dealt sarcastically with the assertion that the ships were not engaged on an innocent passage, since they were prepared to defend themselves if attacked.

"The ships," he said, "proceeded up the channel well inside the Medri-route [the route laid down by international authority]. That route does in places run close to the coast. Perhaps that is why the Albanians, seeking to put a sinister gloss on it, say we hugged the coast." Then he referred to the gallant manner in which the badly damaged Volage took the crippled Saumarez in tow. "The Albanians do not understand that," he said scornfully. "They say that if the Volage had been mined she could not have towed the Saumarez to safety. But she did. . . ."

Sir Hartley won the first round when the court decided by fifteen votes to one that the Albanian submission that the British case was unfounded should be rejected. But the real battle began on November 9.

The Attorney-General accused Albania of "clumsily forging evidence" in defence of what was a "foul and criminal deed." He said that he had evidence to show that Albania, while not using its own ships to do the mining, had got a friendly power—Yugoslavia—to do its dirty work. He had a witness, an ex-naval officer of the Yugoslav Navy, who would say that he saw two Yugoslav vessels loading up with mines in the port, saw them leave for the Corfu Straits and when he saw them return they were empty of mines.

Though no individual, or individuals, were brought personally to justice, Sir Hartley won his case. In April, 1949, the International Court decided by eleven votes to five that Albania was responsible, and fixed the indemnity that country must pay the United Kingdom at £843,947.

The mining had been murder on the high seas, but the incident had proved that we could get satisfaction in a courtroom instead of by the dangerous solution of hostilities. That, Sir Hartley believed, was its true significance. . . .

At the beginning of 1950, Sir Hartley Shawcross was driving himself even harder than usual. A General Election was pending, and he was spending as much time as he could spare in his constituency of St. Helens.

Physically, he was far from well. He had had a recurrence of the duodenal trouble which had made its appearance a year before, and he was attacked by a painful bout of lumbago and sciatica. He was worried, too, by the thought that his wife—he had married again in 1944—was quite seriously ill in a Sussex hospital after a bad riding accident. It was not the most desirable moment to be saddled with an extra brief, but towards the end of February, he received the papers for the prosecution of Klaus Emil Fuchs.

Not many people in England had heard of Klaus Emil Fuchs; not many, that is to say, outside what is history's most secretive secret society: the closed circle of nuclear scientists. Fuchs was only thirty-eight in 1950, but he was already the head of the Theoretical Physics Division of the Atomic Research Establishment at Harwell, the third man in the hierarchy after Sir John Cockcroft and Professor H. W. Skinner.

Among scientists, internationally he was put little below the first six in the world, such men as Einstein and Niels Bohr. The public got to know these things when the news of his arrest was published, and those with romantic ideas of what a great scientist's presence should be were disappointed when they saw him in the dock of No. 1 Court of the Old Bailey on March 1, 1950.

Instead of the leonine head, the piercing eyes and the dominating cast of the popular imagination, they saw a weedy young man, with receding hair and pale, abstracted eyes behind thick glasses. This "colourless, disembodied and methodical brain," as one of his colleagues had called him, possessed

WIVES—5

The ideal wife is one who does everything the ideal husband likes, and nothing else.

Bernard Shaw

the most terrifying knowledge in the world and—according to our lights; according, even, by this time to his own—had abused it. That was why he was in the dock.

Emil Fuchs was a Communist; had always been a Communist, ever since he joined the Young Communist League at Kiel University in Germany, when he was seventeen. Fuchs was the son of a Protestant minister, who later became a Quaker, and when he left Germany just before the war it was to avoid the Nazi drive against all suspected of Left wing tendencies. He came to England and entered first Bristol and then Edinburgh University and was soon recognized as a brilliant leader in his field—nuclear physics.

His Communist sympathies were known when he was given asylum here; they were known when he was released from internment in 1941; they were known when he signed the Official Secrets Act, became a British citizen and was recruited to work on atomic research. And they were known to Russian agents here and in America, where he worked for eighteen months.

In Los Alamos, New Mexico, Fuchs was in touch with the American traitor Harry Gold and, there is reason to believe, with Alan Nunn May. On his own confession he disclosed atomic information on at least four occasions, both in the U.S.A. and in England, and he accepted, as Nunn May had, a token payment—in this case £100.

The information he gave was certainly more important than Nunn May's, for Fuchs's great attraction for the Russians was his total grasp of the mechanistic aspect of the bomb—he knew how it was made. What he told the Russians, it is thought, had the value of ten years of research.

There was no suspicion against Fuchs when he returned to England and Harwell in 1946. He went on with his brilliant work as before: quiet, abstracted, living in a world of his own.

In July, 1949, British and American scientists were alarmed to learn that the Russians had exploded an atomic bomb. It did not seem possible that they had accomplished in two years what the best brains and technique in the West had taken five to achieve. Immediately a serious leak was suspected and everyone who had worked on the bomb here and in the U.S.A. was subjected to a security check.

What the agents of the American F.B.I. told their counterparts in Britain led Wing Commander Henry Arnold, chief security officer at Harwell, to suspect Fuchs. More specifically, a report came from America that a telephone conversation Fuchs had had in New York had been investigated and was open to grave interpretations.

Simultaneously, Fuchs came to Wing Commander Arnold about a personal problem. He asked what his future position at Harwell would be if his father accepted a Chair of Theology in Leipzig University. Arnold stalled about answering this, but used the opportunity to tell Fuchs that he was under suspicion. Fuchs took the revelation calmly and denied all defection.

This was in December, 1949; for the next two months a strange duel went on between Fuchs and the man who had taken over the investigation from Wing Commander Arnold, William James Skardon. His approach to Fuchs was quiet and unforced—the waiting game.

Time after time Skardon thought that Fuchs would break under the strain. But Fuchs held out tenaciously. He finally capitulated on January 23, 1950. His confession was infinitely more shocking than Skardon had imagined it would be. "When did it (the treachery) start?" Skardon asked, and Fuchs told him that he gave his first information to a Soviet agent in 1942. That meant a period of seven years—the seven years that saw the conception, construction, testing and explosion of the bomb. Fuchs had told the Russians all he knew, and he knew probably more than any other scientist in the West about the practical details of nuclear explosion. It was, perhaps, the most fateful treachery in history.

What prompted him to betray his trust, and why did he confess? Sir Hartley Shawcross tried to answer these questions in the opening speech when the trial of Emil Fuchs opened at the Old Bailey before the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard.

"My Lord," the Attorney-General began, "the prisoner is a Communist and that is at once the explanation and the tragedy of this case, a case of the utmost gravity."

Sir Hartley went on to trace the history of Fuchs, the story of a mind brilliantly lucid but morally confused. He told of Klaus Emil's early and total acceptance of Communism and his final disillusion with it, the disenchantment as decisive as had been the acceptance.

The precision machine that was Fuchs's mind had not faltered when he made his confession, and Sir Hartley took but a few minutes to outline the story. He concluded with a reminder that Fuchs would have got a very different sort of trial if accused of treason by the power he had served. "It should perhaps be said," he added, "that this man's confession was made while he was still a free man, able to come and go as he chose and consult with friends and lawyers. . . ."

What could the defence do against such a formidable indictment? Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, K.C., presented Fuchs as a man bedevilled by divided loyalties—his complete commitment to Communism on the one hand, and his love and respect for Britain where he had had asylum and been trained to work.

It was a most skilful defence and worked out with great conviction, but Lord Goddard would have none of it. When Curtis-Bennett, trying in a phrase to explain the ambivalence of Fuchs's attitude, referred to it as "controlled schizophrenia," the Lord Chief Justice dissented testily: "I cannot understand all this metaphysical talk," he said, "and I don't know that I should."

KLAUS EMIL listened unmoved in the dock. Occasionally his heavy head slumped forward, sometimes he stared shortsightedly round the court; but in general he gave an impression of courteous detachment, as if all this were not happening to him. He had pleaded guilty to the four counts of offences against the Official Secrets Act which were on the indictment, and when the judge said "Call on him" he stood up and in a high, cracked voice read a statement from notes he held in his hand. "I have had a fair trial," he intoned, "and I wish to thank you, my Lord."

He had almost turned away towards the cells before the Lord Chief Justice had finished sentencing him to the maximum penalty the law allowed: fourteen years' imprisonment.

Sir Hartley had not quite done with Klaus Emil Fuchs. In December of the same year he had to decide what advice he would give the Home Secretary on the question of Fuchs's British nationality, which he had sought to retain.

The case was considered in the Law Courts, and in his exposition of the issues Sir Hartley gave what are perhaps the valid answers to the enigma of Emil Fuchs.

"The whole story," he said, "is really an object lesson in the meaning of modern Communism. The fact that Fuchs made a full and free confession is a curious characteristic of those queer psychological processes which some of the adherents of the Communist Party seem to go through."

And later: "Although Fuchs took the oath of allegiance, his real allegiance to Communism appears to have remained supreme."

Fuchs was in the end deprived of his nationality, but that stroke of the pen has not deprived him of his prodigiously dangerous brain. He will leave prison in a few months' time. The world will have some interest in his destination when he quits these shores.

NEXT WEEK: Shawcross duels with Molotov—and triumphs

"You're certainly making it difficult for the neighbours to keep up with us"

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***Bullet:* Aid, With *Your* "Lamps"!**

£25 plus Cycle Award: G. Parsons, 27 Penally Way, Liverpool: **Coming To The Surface—*Trawlers'* Conning-towers Soon!**

£10 plus Cycle Award: F. Sharp, 79 Spring Bank, Grimsby: **In The Happy Home—*Cupid* Down For Breakfast!**

£9 Mrs. G. Doran, 2 Barnsley Street, Wigan: **Nice, Steady Job—Valuable Gift—Give *Value*!**

£8 Miss I. Scott, 9 Hastings Street, Bradford: **The Value Of Money—*And* Unimportance, Teach Children!**

£7 A. S. Pattison, 43 Fines Road, Medomsley, Consett: **Punishment For the Teacher—Extra "Lines"—*Of Desks*!**

£6 W. H. Sparks, 7 Norfolk Buildings, Bath: **A Marvel—Nature? Just Another *Mother*!**

£5 Mrs. R. Bartle, 179 Waterloo Street, Hull: **In The Dogs' Home—Friend *Can* Be Bought.**

£5 Mrs. D. F. Emm, 127 Church Street, Wolverton: **Clinging To Strike — Weapon, Until "Fingers Burnt"?**

£5 J. Salisbury, Lodge Cottage, Nateby, Preston: **The Value Of Money — "Education" Granny *Did* Receive!**

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes, and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated August 2), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(*See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 19, for early news of Bullets No. 2,148 First Prize Award.*)

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

In Wonderful Britain	Why Hurry When
We Love Freedom, So	Tireless
The Employment Barometer	In A Hot Spot
Life's Panorama	Sounds Funny
Storm-tossed France	Back From Holiday
Worldly Wealth	Murderous
Hold-ups, Grabs, Raids	The Lightning Flashed And
On The Crest Of A Wave	Hiker Auntie
The Thirteenth Time	Nearly Collapsed
Died A Thousand Deaths	Trouble At The Fun Fair

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

To Make.....Pay	Hobnobbing With The.....
.....She Dreads	An Ugly.....
Eternally	Let ..... Down

★ **Note the FREE BULLET Privilege on each £1,500 coupon below—also special entry-fee for this ONE WEEK ONLY**

£1,000 MAMMOTH 1st PRIZE
£100 2nd PRIZE
£50 3rd PRIZE
£25 4th PRIZE
£20 | £15
5 PRIZES OF £10
10 PRIZES OF £3
30 PRIZES OF £2
50 PRIZES OF £1
RECORD 1958 ARRAY OF 3,000 OTHER PRIZES each with 5s. VOUCHER

PLUS
10 EXTRA CHEQUES FOR £10
—for the TEN highest prize-winners (excluding First) who entered four or more Bullets for this £1,500 Contest.

See you HERE next week!

£1,500 RESULT

★ **Fill up and enclose this LABEL with your £1,500 ENTRY—postman brings you the Result on Saturday, July 26....**

PLUS GIFT TO SAVE YOU 1s.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

EXAMPLE ..... 1s.
BULLET
EX. ..... 1s.
B.
EX. ..... 1s.
B.
EX. ..... 4th BULLET FREE
B. WITH 3 PAID

10 EXTRA £10 CHEQUES see details on right

2,148 Post not later than last collection on **MON., JULY 7**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee as above for £1,500 WEEK.
P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

COUPON FOR £1,500 CONTEST

EXAMPLE ..... 1s.
BULLET
EX. ..... 1s.
B.
EX. ..... 1s.
B.
EX. ..... 4th BULLET FREE
B. WITH 3 PAID

£100 EXTRA CASH An extra cheque for £10 goes to each of the TEN highest prize-winners (excluding First) who entered four or more Bullets for this £1,500 Contest.

2,148 Post not later than last collection on **MON., JULY 7**

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P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....
Address .....
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Speaking for BRITAIN

What Operation Britain means to us

AT HOME AND ABROAD, too little is known or even remembered of the great and active part that Britain plays today in the world. *We* feel it. *We* believe in it. But is this enough?

For what is Britain? She is neither more nor less than we, her people, make her. She is our united efforts; she is our pride; she is our energy, our wisdom and our talents.

Our fathers made her past, and our children will make her future. It is up to us to make her present, building on past achievements a foundation for that future. This means action —now, and by every single one of us.

Ours is a vital nation: and it is to tell of this vitality that we have formed Operation Britain, gathering together eminent men from all parts of British life—experts in their own fields of activity: labour, management, government — united by their belief in Britain's future.

At home, we must look beyond our British understatements, and, seeing to our real strength, build to greater strength. Abroad, we must ensure that our achievements are assessed at their real worth to the world and the world's future.

Ours is a heritage no longer bounded by the seas: ours is a vital role in world affairs. It is only by knowing this, each one of us aware of our real ability, that we can build towards the future that is our birthright—the world's birthright—a future bright with promise.

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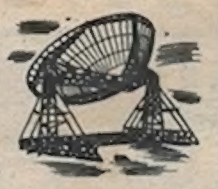

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The first artificially-induced atomic fission took place at Cambridge, England, in 1932. British development of nuclear energy for industry has been the first to bear fruit in the world's first atomic power station.

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